

THE CONFELATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DEBILITARY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME II.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

MR. AUGUSTUS FITZ WHISKER,
OR THE DANDY IN DISTRESS.

On a fine morning in the early part of July 18—, a stage-coach drew up at the principle hotel in Catskill, to receive passengers for the Mountain house. The driver blew a loud and impatient blast on his horn, which was immediately answered by the presence of one of those curious pieces of workmanship, called New York dandies. The thing, sans ceremony, took possession of the back seat, and after cursing the driver for not having a more stylish vehicle, composed himself into an air of consequential indifference. He was a youth of well proportioned exterior, and naturally a handsome countenance; but fashion had invested his form with such a medley of fantastic apparel, that it resembled any thing but human, and his face was buried in a map of whiskers and mustachios that a baboon might well have envied. Nature had evidently lavished some of her choicest gifts on the outside of Mr. Augustus Fitz Whisker, but with her usual eccentricity among the "genteel," had much neglected the "inner man." In short, there was every reason to imagine a vacuum in the region of his occiput, and it required but a glance at his habiliments—the scenery of his countenance and the significant tokens his behaviour afforded—to discover that he lacked that important ingredient in the composition of a rational being, termed common sense.

It is commonly the case with a certain class of youth who infest Broadway, and who are of no possible use in the world except to tailors, that in proportion to their want of merit, they pretend to and plume themselves upon its possession. This obvious trait of foppish character, was fully exemplified in the instance of Mr. Augustus Fitz Whisker, who supplied the place allotted for brains by a superabundant portion of self conceit, both with reference to external charms as well as intellectual accomplishments, which, however, whatever his own opinion might have been, were nothing more than brags and garrulity.

Mr. Fitz Whisker had been seated several minutes with his silver headed cane at his side, musing intently upon the beauties and accomplishments of himself, as reflected in some measure from his highly polished boot, and wondering why the devil the stage did not start, when he was aroused by the request of a gentleman at the stage door, to relinquish the back seat in favor of some ladies. Fitz cast his eye on the other's dress—the only mark by which he judged of masculine character, and finding it too plain for gentility, was disposed to refuse the desired favor; but the approach of two ladies, one of whom had on a fashionable bonnet, induced him to signify his acquiescence. As the ladies stepped up, he politely assisted them into the vehicle, with secret delight at the prospect of having company which he knew would join him in his self-admiration.

The stage now started. After our exquisite had allowed ample opportunity for his fellow passengers to gratify their curiosity in beholding his appearance, he elevated his eye, and with that scrutiny peculiar to practised impudence, began to calculate their quality. His gaze chanced to fall first upon the gentleman, who being plainly though neatly dressed, and possessing an intelligent countenance, was so different from those he commonly associated with in good society, that he pronounced him in his own mind a low fellow

and unworthy of notice, except, perhaps, on account of those with him. Although such was the conclusion of the impartial Fitz, the stranger was evidently a shrewd and respectable man. There was an air about him which denoted a familiarity with the world, and a quizzical expression in his eye indicating a disposition to be amused with the comic absurdity in men and things. This was soon evinced by his observation of the young beau, and the twink of ridicule with which he caught the eye of the ladies.

Our hero's gaze had now wandered to the ladies. The first was a plain looking woman rather the wrong side of a certain age—which, notwithstanding a sweetness of expression and the remains of considerable beauty in her face, condemned her immediately in Fitz Whisker's estimation. He never could endure age, except in south side Madeira and rich fathers of heiresses. Women, without youth, beauty, fashion and cash, were in his eyes nuisances. The other damsel however met with more favor in his stare. She wore quite a pretty bonnet, of the latest Paris fashion, which highly recommended her to his notice. Indeed, she was as lovely a girl as he had seen since his separation from Eveline Flatter—the belle of Saratoga. She had the same dark animated eye; the same coal-scuttle auburn locks; the same rosy St. Martin complexion; teeth of pearl; lip of cherry, and bust of alabaster, which composed the Flatter, and had it not been for a want of languid affectation which became Miss Flatter so exquisitely, he could have sworn the fair passenger was Miss Eveline herself. But beauty to him was the least of the young lady's attractions. "Loveliness" he was wont to remark, "was very well in a woman, but as the poor and vulgar more frequently possess it than the rich and noble, it was enough to render it comparatively worthless." There was an air of gentility and refinement about the damsel both in her dress and manner, which was an irresistible evidence of her gentility and perhaps wealth, and which excited in his mind an instant sentiment of polite respect.

From the apparent indifference which the plain drest gentleman manifested towards the ladies, Augustus, who judged the whole world by the rules of fashion, concluded they were all relations and that the elderly lady was the wife and the other the daughter. With this idea he determined to amuse himself by working up a love affair with the latter. Nothing so delighted Mr. Augustus Fitz Whisker as a conquest. It had been his propensity to overcome the female heart ever since he had put himself in whiskers, and as the love of the ladies over whom he triumphed had nothing to do with the heart, he could conscientiously win it without any other view than amusement. Besides, he found that this kind of love affair was a very harmless and delightful mode of exercising his accomplishments. The present opportunity, therefore, could by no means pass without something of this kind, and he accordingly commenced operating. Like an experienced general in the tactics of love, he began hostilities with a number of well-executed personal manoeuvres; but as he threw himself into a variety of striking attitudes—took off his hat for the better display of a really fine turned forehead—whistled an opera tune with some tact, and finally took out an elegant gold repeater richly adorned with jewels, which he wound up with a graceful twist of thumb and ring'd finger, and replaced it in the pocket of a fine figured velvet waistcoat. Then glancing at the lady to observe the effect of the display, he was surprised to find that she was deeply engaged in viewing the mountain scenery, and

apparently unconscious of such a person as himself in existence.

Piqued at a result so different from what he had anticipated, pride spurred him on to a new effort. He was not accustomed to have his attractions disregarded, and he secretly resolved to obtain possession of the young girl's affections, and after playing with them awhile, then to desert her in triumph. This he was persuaded he could accomplish without difficulty as he was an old hand in such matters, and having no heart himself, was impregnable as he thought to the influence of such trash as beauty and virtue. Having failed in the impression he intended by a display of externals, he was now reduced to the necessity of making it by the more hazardous mode of conversation, and with this view he soon found an opportunity.

The stage had arrived at a part of the road which winds round the breast of the mountain and which suddenly opens upon one of those magnificent views, that so well merit the admiration of the lovers of sublime natural scenery. Over the tops of some majestic trees, which start up from the dark abyss of a precipice that sinks down from the margin of the road to a terrific depth, spreads out a wide extent of hill and dale, plain and river, in all the variety of verdure and form. At the request of the ladies, the driver stooped a few moments, to afford them a more deliberate view of the prospect which is one of the finest to be seen from the Catskill heights. The tremendous rise of the mountain from the road; the abrupt precipice descending many hundred feet amid the darkness of the thickly intermingled woods: the mountain house, like a cloud in the distance, half hidden by shaggy eminences, together with the widely extending country around constitute a scene unparalleled in any country.

Impressed with the deepest admiration at the grandeur of the view, the travellers, with the exception of Mr. Fitz Whisker, who was admiring the taste displayed in the curl of a ribbon on our heroine's bonnet, beheld the prospect in silent admiration. The pleasure excited in the bosom of sensibility, by the beauty or sublimity of nature, is seldom prone to vent itself in words, until the cause ceases to impress us strongly and we behold the scene in memory or imagination. We then experience redoubled gratification by comparing our thoughts and suggesting to each other the different beauties we have discovered. As Mr. Augustus Fitz Whisker was too fashionable to regard the natural impulse of feeling, he showed himself an exception to the rule. For no sooner did he notice the admiration depicted in the faces of the strangers, than supposing a good cause for it, he deemed it a fine chance not only to commence an acquaintance, but to begin the conversation with effect. Accordingly he forthwith fell into several raptures and a half a dozen ejaculations.

"By Jupiter! what a sight! what an astonishing lovely prospect!" cried he, with a glass at his eye, and addressing himself to the young lady. "Is a vastly pretty view, Miss, is it not? I declare it reminds me very much of Wehauk bluffs, to which you know Hulloek has alluded so poetically in his Fanny. Don't you admire it Miss?"

"Which do you mean, sir, the poem or the prospect?" asked the other with a suppressed smile.

"Why the prospect, Miss, nothing amuses me so vastly," replied Fitz, "as pretty, natural scenery, especially a handsome sight of this description. It is truly equal to a dramatic scene. Don't you think it a very beautiful view?"

"I admire it more for its grandeur than its beauty," answered the lady emphatically.

"Yes—yes—yes, true. It is certainly very

grand, and is equal to any thing I ever saw, except the Lafayette fête at Castle Garden: were you there Miss?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other abruptly turning to her companions, as if desirous of ending the conversation.

The stage here resumed its course, and some moments elapsed before our eloquent hero could continue the dialogue so happily begun. It has been already hinted that Fitz was by no means deficient in the important article of brass, and in bringing this kind of ordinance to bear, he could well support it by a species of loquacity, quite common among superficially informed youth. An opportunity now occurred in which he thus highly distinguished himself, for as the conversation of the strangers assumed a private character, it touched upon a topic connected with the springs.

Fitz no sooner heard mentioned the name of Saratoga, than, interrupting the conversation, he dashed out in an interesting account of all the incidents, characters and fashions which render that brilliant resort so delightful to the idle and useless portion of society. He described the hundred dresses of Miss Araminta Rougecheek—the festooned Piazza of Congress Hall—the unrivalled waltzing of Miss Elenora Flounceflorus and himself—the champagne frolics of Bob Timefigure and the rare sport of fishing in Good Society pond, where a select few are permitted, at a dollar a piece, to angle with baitless hooks—provided they threw the fish they catch into the water again as soon as possible. He then related several love affairs, in which he took care to figure conspicuously himself, and having entertained his hearers two hours with his opinions on a variety of other instructive topics, he was proceeding to tell a story about a clandestine marriage, when luckily the stage arrived at the Mountain house.

Thus far Fitz was well pleased with his success. He was confident he had made a hit, for both ladies had listened to his chat with numerous smiles, which, though they might have appeared to some like those of good-natured contempt, to him were signs of admiration. The truth is, our hero had really some good cause to imagine that he had triumphed not only in the good graces of the daughter, but likewise with the father, for the latter appeared to favor his attentions to the former, and Fitz thought he observed a kind of understanding between the two, in his favor. The young lady herself who at first was so indifferent, now grew quite familiar, and he was convinced that all three had engaged in a plan to entrap him in matrimony.

He was confirmed in this idea by a proposal from the stranger to join their party in an excursion during the afternoon to Catskill Falls. He accepted the flattering invitation and retired to his room to embellish his appearance, and mature a design he meditated of giving his love affair a romantic termination. This was nothing less than to squire the fair stranger to the falls—then upon some plausible pretence to lead her astray in the woods adjacent, and having perpetrated a declaration of love to hough the whole thing off as a joke.

Straying out on the Piazza, he was gazing at nothing and revelling in fancy over this delightful design, when he suddenly felt one of his choicest whiskers twitched. Starting round in angry courage at such an insult to his dignity, he recognised his particular friend Harry Love Tickle. Harry, without being blest with whiskers or a very taking countenance, was a person of considerable ton—that is, he has a very convenient fellow in high society, and recommended himself to the female part of it by a kind of off-hand tact displayed in picking up ladies handkerchiefs or curls, when the former was permitted, and the latter happened to fall; so that he was well known.

over town by the enviable cognomen of Indispensable Harry. Beside young Harry was a wag and became noted for running sly rigs upon the gentlemen, for the amusement of certain mischievous belles. It has been told of him, with great applause, that at one of the private masquerades given lately, he introduced Dinah Warmingpan, a darkey—to Ned Scrupulous, who supposing her a rich beautiful incognate, became so violently enamoured as to make audible love to her. At this Dine, who loved a good joke as well as her betters, could contain herself no longer, but burst into a loud horse laugh, which divulged the trick and shocked Ned's sensibility so badly, that, poor fellow—he was found the next morning with his head in a boot—completely suffocated.

Harry and Fitz were hale fellows well met. Harry related the last joke he had played, and Fitz in return, described his adventure with the strangers—and how he intended to conclude it.

"A word in your ear, Harry, I'll have some rare sport this afternoon in the woods."

"But who's the creature, Fitz? I should like to hear the paragon, 'tisn't the black-eyed girl yonder?"

"The same, the same, you dog?"

"You surprise me, why I know her."

"The devil you do! who is she? I want to ascertain her name, but the vixen seems determined not to reveal it."

"Why, she's the proud Miss St. Clair, of New-York."

"Is it possible! by Venus, she is just the creature for my purpose. Markee! Harry, you must assist me in this affair. You must go with us to the Cascade and amuse the old folks while I put in execution my scheme, which, if successful, you know will make a great noise in the world."

"True, I like it well; by the way, they told me to say they were waiting for you. Let's be off."

The Cauterskill Fall is one of the wildest scenes of the Catskills; and the picturesque beauty of the spot, more than compensates for the labours and fatigues experienced in reaching it. The view is first beheld from the verge where the torrent pitches in mist and rain drops into the immense hollow below. The effect from this point is exceedingly striking, but the view as beheld from the bottom of the hollow is by far the most imposing. The descent which leads into the depth of the glen, is very difficult and dangerous, and requires a well regulated gravity to tread it. No person, however, who succeeds in accomplishing the descent, ever remembers its toils and the magnificent sight which then bursts around and above him. In a word, Cauterskill Fall is one of Nature's best specimens of the wild and sublime.

It was down the aforesaid difficult pathway, that Mr. Augustus Fitz Whisker now led, with solicitous politeness, the pretty Miss St. Clair. He had prevailed upon Harry to detain the rest of the party at the top, until he could contrive to finish his love affair.

Instead, however, of accomplishing the thing with the desired address, he was embarrassed to find it more difficult than he had anticipated. More accustomed to tread the down of Turkey carpets than the wild of a mountain, he made the most laborious progress into the hollow. He frequently lost his balance; tumbled among the rocks; and was at length precipitated into a puddle of water, to the infinite amusement of the lady and the party above, particularly of Harry Love-Tickle, who shouted at the fun, with loud peals of laughter. Never before had the delicate Augustus, experienced such distress and mortification. His whiskers were discomfited, his breeches wet, his body bruised, and his reputation as a gentleman, gone forever; and he secretly wished his fair companion, who inhumanly enjoyed his misery to the devil. But what galled him more than all, was the idea, that the laughable affair would be promulgated by Harry, to his New York acquaintance, and

unless he could prevent it, it would be a death blow to his enviable reputation.

Poor Fitz Whisker's afflictions did not cease. The agile and mischievous Miss St. Clair, who was a perfect Di Vernon in leaping and scaling declivities, now cruelly defied him to follow her up some steep rocks. To his infinite despair, she was in a few minutes by the side of her companions, and he was compelled to undertake the same feat. Harry and the rest now eyed him with mischievous expectation, and making a desperate effort, he gained a part of the ascent without much difficulty; but alas for him! in turning the angle of a very uncourteous rock, his foot gave way, and he fell into the branch of a dry old oak tree which started out from below. Luckily the flap of his coat caught fast and saved his useful life, though not his feelings; for there the poor fellow dangled in mid air, like a butterfly in a spiders web, to the great joy of Harry, who swore it was one of the finest spectacles he ever beheld. Mr. St. Clair and Harry, now hastened to his relief. Having placed him safely out of danger, the former thanked him with a quizzical turn of the eye, for the politeness and hardy attention he had manifested towards his young wife; who, he added, was desirous of evincing her gratitude in person; while Harry congratulated our mortified hero on the successful termination of his "love affair."

Fitz stood on the verge of the precipice, the very personification of sneaking despair. He thought some of ending his misery by a plunge into the hollow below, but then it occurred to him, that a death of that kind was out of fashion, and withal, excessively disagreeable. Mr. Augustus Fitz Whisker may still be seen by the curious—one of the most impudent suit of clothes in Broadway. W.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1830.

We owe an apology to our subscribers for the late and irregular delivery of the Constellation for a few weeks past; those who do not in future receive it before Saturday evening, are requested to give immediate information at the office, in order that all such omissions may be corrected.

A FIT OF AGITATION.

NEW-YORK POLICE.

THURSDAY, 16th INST. This was a bright starry morning. The greater part of those who had taken their nights lodging at the City Hall Mansion House, were brought up at an early hour, and before we arrived had received their several sentences. We were in time, however, to hear the complaint of Mrs. Mix, the wife, *errand* Mr. Mix, the husband.

Mix, the masculine, was a long sided, dogged looking fellow, about thirty, whose papers were hardly unbuttoned in consequence of a certain nocturnal fit of agitation. Mrs. Mix, the feminine, was somewhat younger, and by far the more prepossessing in appearance. At the left corner of her eye, was rather a sly look, which no doubt gave rise to sundry jealousies of which she accused her husband. For two years or more, the Mixes had been man and wife; but alas! for the frail power of Heaven, they had not mixed in family matters, with more affinity than water and oil. They had been blessed with no pledge of affection. To while away his evenings, Mix, the masculine, would resort to porter houses and indulge in inebriating mixtures. Mix, the feminine, kept neither lap-dog nor parrot, so sought for society among her female acquaintances.

Later in the preceding evening, Mr. Mix, came home in a state of great agitation—as he expressed it—and finding no Mrs. Mix, in bed, forthwith repaired to the house of the friend aforesaid, where he found the object of his search. With hard words, and still harder blows, he drove home the wretched Mrs. Mix. A considerable skirmish ensued between the Mixes, to the no small disturbance of the lodgers under the same roof. To sleep was a more difficult thing than in antiquated times, even on New-York's night. The watch was therefore called in and Mr. Mix was called out.

These circumstances being related by Mix the wife, the magistrate turning to Mix, the husband, enquired how he came to maltreat her in so shameful a manner.

"Why, an please your honor," said Mr. Mix, hanging down his head, "d'ye see I was out a little late last night, and when I came home I was a good deal agitated."

"Well, what excuse is that," said the magistrate "for beating your wife?"

"I'm going to tell your honor just how 'twas—when I comes up to bed, where I supposes was my wife, she was gone off to that gals, where I've told her again and again she shouldnt go."

"Please your honor, he's a terrible jealous man," interrupted Mrs. Mix.

"I aint jealous—faith, I aint!" responded Mr. Mix, "but after I'd told her she shouldnt go there, why she shouldnt, your honor."

"That is true," said the magistrate, "but then you should have used gentle means to bring her back—what excuse have you for beating her?"

"Why, your honor, I was good deal agitated, and couldnt help it."

"Agitated! what do you mean by agitated?"

"Why, I 'spose I had been drinking a little too much."

"You was drunk then, was you?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, your honor," said Mrs. Mix, "and when he's in that state he strays has them fits of agitation."

"A bad species of fit, really?" said the magistrate.

"Indeed, they be very bad," responded Mr. Mix, "I never knows what I'm doing, when they are on me."

"Don't you think," continued the magistrate, "you deserve the Penitentiary for your drunken brutality?"

"Why, your honor," said Mr. Mix, "there aint a man in the community but what dont take a drop too much sometimes."

"What do you mean to insinuate," demanded the magistrate, "that every man drinks—that I drink?"

"Yes, your honor, you drink."

"I drink—drink what?"

"Water, your honor."

"Water! and why dont you drink water?" said the magistrate.

"I do, your honor, but then there's a little whiskey with it when I drink."

"Yes," said Mrs. Mix, "that's what's been the ruination of him. He's a very kind husband when he's sober, your honor, but he's always at them porter houses."

"Why dont you keep away from such places?" said the magistrate to Mr. Mix.

"I cant help it, your honor, I cant help it!"

"Cant help it! that's a likely story," said the magistrate.

"No, I'll tell you how 'tis—Uma mason, your honor, and sometimes I leaves my tools at the porter houses—and then I cant help going there to get them again."

"Nonsense! you shouldnt leave them there," said the magistrate. "If you continue to get drunk, and to beat your wife, I shouldnt blame her for leaving you."

"That's what she cant do, please your honor, shes my wife."

"Wife or no wife," answered the magistrate, "she's not bound to live with you if you lead such a drunken life—she can get a bill of divorce sealed against you."

"Will you set your seal to it now, your honor?" enquired Mrs. Mix, making a low courtesy.

"Not at present," said the magistrate, "but if he leads you such a life in future, just inform me of it, and the court will decide upon a separation."

"That's what I will your honor," snarled Mrs. Mix. "I will be divorced from you, George!"

"I guess I'll see your mother first!" replied Mr. Mix, evidently a good deal agitated, at the prospect of being stripped of his better half. So saying he was dismissed by the magistrate, with strong injunctions to keep the peace and never again to be caught in a FIT OF AGITATION.

HOLLANDY FAIRS. The fairs of the fair dealers and dandies of New-York, are busily employed at this season, in manufacturing a thousand little articles to be disposed of for benevolent purposes. We have this week dropped in at a number of these shows. That at the City Hotel was "passing fair," around the sides of the wall, except at the entrance, was ranged an unbroken series of tables, on which were piled, in rich confusion, every variety of toys, trinkets, ear-rings and indispensibles. There were purses, with no money in them, and childrens frocks without babies, except some of wax.

The fairer part of the affair, however, are the fair themselves. They are here in large numbers, in the capacity of shop-keepers—to allure purchasers to the sale. Of course they find a ready market and good prices. We know not the particular objects of the different fairs, but we trust, that as the cold season has now stolen the march upon us, the poor are not forgotten. If it is for them, fair fingers ply the scissors and the needle, we say God speed! for then, indeed, the shivering child and the sick widow, to whom their bounty extends, will pass a happy, merry—Christmas.

OUR FOREFATHERS. A country fellow, in the Bay state, hearing it remarked that the 22d of December was to be celebrated at Plymouth, enquired the reason.

"Why dont you know, Joe," said his neighbour, "that our fore-fathers landed there that day."

"Four fathers—four fathers!" said Joe scratching his head, "well as true as I live now, I thought there was more than four on 'em."

ENQUIRING FOR LETTERS. "Be there any letters for my marm?" enquired a ragged little child at the Post Office.

"What's the name of your marm?" asked the clerk.

"Tiddy Muzzy?" squeaked the child.

"Not any," replied the clerk.

"Will there be one to-morrow?" said the child.

"Cant say—call to-morrow and you shall know."

MUSIC GRATIS. A few evenings since we were strolling up Broadway, when our ears were attracted by the lively sounds, that issued from the balcony of the New-York Museum. A large crowd was gathered on the side-walk, and formed in a ring round a stout looking negro, who was dancing to the music. A more comical scene can hardly be imagined. All eyes were fixed upon Cuff, while he, heart, soul, and legs, wrapt up in the "concourse of sweet sounds," seemed utterly insensible to the surrounding multitude. Now and then, a wag let off a joke at the dancers expense.

"Turn out your shins, Cuff!" cried one.

"Roll up your eyes, cast off a right and left!" ejaculated another.

"Now for the double shuffle and put Jupiter!" echoed a third.

"Cuff, however, continued dancing in his own way, unprovoked by the remarks of the spectators. Suddenly the music ceased, and the limbs of the negro were motionless.

"Here Massa Musicians!" said he, elevating his eyeballs to the balcony, "me much obliged for de music—me have one capital dance, free gratis for nothing!"

COMMUNICATIONS.

ADVENTURES OF A CLERK.

Al! who can tell how hard it is to get a situation in a city store!

What vexing work is the country retail business thought I, one day after I had exhausted a bushel of words and patience in the vain attempt to get rid—by a fair swap—of a yard of calico in exchange for a pound of butter and some odd eggs. As my customer departed, I could not help feeling angry with myself for cramping my genius in such a miserable two-penny concern—as a Country Retail Store. I will go to New-York—the Emporium of business—thought I—get a footing there as a clerk rise by degrees, into the station of a partner—make my twenty or thirty thousand dollars, and then return to my native village, in a coach and four. The idea took, and turning to my desk, I hastily wrote a few lines to a friend in the city,—setting forth my abilities, references, integrity, &c. &c. with all the modesty and truth, which generally characterize such begging epistles. A few days brought my friend's reply. It was a cordial invitation to quit old New-England, and concluded with the following—"At present, I do not know of any situation that would meet your views, but as at this season of the year the demand for clerks is brisk, should say your chance of success is very fair."

Now thought I, I am a Lord indeed! I am sure I shall secure a situation. Let me see—six hundred the first year—eight hundred the second—a thousand the third—Mr. Jones, I like this young man vastly well, he will make us an excellent junior partner. With such vague thoughts as these, my mind was filled during the day. At tea, I took the opportunity of informing the family, that I had some notion of going to New-York. Bos and Sally, appeared to be the only ones that cared a fig at this intimation. From the former came forth a kind of groan, and from the bright blue eyes of the latter I perceived some pearly drops trickle and fall upon the table unrestrained.

Mrs. Bos had my washing and mending to finish, and I saw by sundry winks and blinks among the small chicks, that my departure would be a clever kind of a thing, inasmuch as it would ease the old lady of my stockings and shirts, and give her children free access to the dough-nuts and pie. Suffice to say, I shook Bos by the hand a week after—pulled Sally behind the entry door—kissed her moist cheek—swore eternal love—jumped into the stage and in a few moments lost myself in bright dreams of the future. At Boston, I found a packet ready to sail and after a few days' passage I arrived at Peck's Slip.

Behold me now, in "my suit of humble rustic clad," going the whole hog for employment. My friend received me with many assurances of cordiality, and welcome, but was sorry to say that he had heard of no vacancies for a clerk. He promised his assistance and gave me plenty of advice. "Be among business men," said he, "watch the advertisements and answer every application you see there." Now though I have little faith—begging your pardon, Mr. Editor—in newspaper notices, I determined to follow his injunctions.

I arose the next morning at five, slipped on my linsey-woolsey trousers and hurried to my friend's store. But who would have thought it, I waited more than an hour on the sidewalk before any one came. At length the junior clerk, whose province it is to open and dust out, made his appearance. His gait was slow, and there was that peculiar nonchalance about him—a sort of a I-don't-care-a-tawdler-you appearance—which at a different hour, might have led me to mistake him for the head of the concern. He seemed to scan my exterior with a queer expression of countenance. I accounted for it very easily—I wore homespun clothes and had no situation, while he was dressed in the tan and had a salary of some two hundred dollars.

The door was soon opened, and we found the floor strewn with newspapers. Ah! thought I, these printers are the fellows—how hard they work and how poorly they are paid for it! These reflections did not prevent my gazing up the treasures before me, and envying in a cloud of dust, I landed myself in running over the different "Wants"—But none of them suited my purpose. Look! clerks, who had long been in service and would be willing to receive a small salary—Clerks, who would devote all their time and talents to the business of their employers, and who would consider the information gained a sufficient compensation for the rest of their service—Young men who would work for nothing and find themselves too—seemed to be all the "Wants" wanted.

A few days after, I was rather more successful. I learned through the papers, that a young man was wanted to go out to the south. I immediately penned an application, and deposited it in the rack, at the newspaper office. Just as I was starting, I saw a young fellow looking closely at me from the opposite side of the room. And I thought I, you are one of those land sharks, who devour your neighbors. After leaving the room, I stationed myself at the door. It was not long before my gentleman in ambuscade, sallied forth to the card-rack and pocketed some two or three dozen notes, among which was mine. I suffered him to get into the street, when I sprang upon him and demanded my property. He gladly gave it up, with a request that I would not expose him. I promised I would not, but first compelled him to return with me to the office and show me his application. He did so—I took it from the rack—tore it up before his eyes—and then suffered him to depart with this piece of advice, "never to let his misfortunes get the better of his principles."

Fortunately my note came to the hands of the advertiser. I called on him the next day, when he addressed me as follows: "You are the young man who wishes employment?" I answered in the affirmative. "Well," continued he, "we have a house established abroad that I think you would like to be attached to. Six young men, whom we have sent out, have died there, as has also one of the house—but you look strong and vigorous, what say you, can we agree upon terms? I dare say you will not find the climate injurious." Two hundred and fifty dollars per annum and death gazing at me in the face, did not seem altogether so desirable a situation. I took the liberty to tell the gentleman so, and took my departure.

My next essay was at a Dry Good Store, but with no better success. I would not answer, because I could not speak five languages, mark boxes and write Hebrew. At the Grocers I had the same luck. They wanted some one who could reduce liquors and guage casks. At an oil merchants, I was put off because I could not stand the smell of a newly opened cask of blubber. At a Copper Smith's,

where I applied to do the writing, I was told there was not brass enough in my face. Determined not to leave any business untried, I at length got a place with a Hard Ware Dealer. After remaining with him three days, I was obliged to quit, because I could not do up a gross of bullets in a square bundle!

In short, Mr. Editor, money and patience were rapidly drawing to an end, when, one beautiful morning—one of those clear sunny mornings that poets write of, but which you and I, I hope, feel—I met a friend who informed me he had secured a situation for me. I was overjoyed at this intelligence—the news of the French Revolution was nothing in comparison. I nearly fainted on the spot, but recovering my senses, I purchased with my last sixpence, a cup of coffee, and in a state of delightful exhilaration entered on the duties of my situation.

I have been in his employ a year and more. I like him well and he likes me.

But oh! how I mourn, how I do grieve, For the good old days of Adam and Eve, I cannot forget my Sally and my dear native village. When seated by my fire, with no one to share my slender comforts, my thoughts fly back to the girl I have left behind.

JONATHAN.

REPLY TO THE PHILOSOPHER.

WISDOM vs. WIT.

DEAR EDITOR:—This afternoon, after having despatched the printer, concerns which devolved upon me for the duties of the day, and reflected calmly (as is my usual habit) upon the past occurrences of my life, I took up your hebdomadal, in order by its perusal to obtain that instruction upon the grace wisdom (I do not mean this list of deaths) therein contained, which it is so well calculated to impart. In a few minutes I laid down the paper, took up my pen and determined to devote a little time in writing some lines of my own. Your columns have formerly been dignified by a specimen of mine, and as in the reading thereof in print, my mind was comforted with the conviction, that they were doubtless effectual in promoting that proper solemnity of manner and sadness of heart which is so appropriate to the life of affliction, to which every solitary human being is condemned in this vale of tears, a large share of mine, which I view only as a trial, may circulate through the medium of the Constellation, among our unhappy fellow-creatures.

The communication in your last number, headed "The Philosopher, No. 1, Wisdom vs. Wit," is truly gratifying, in the most melancholy sense of the word, and I hope the "singing school," as your correspondent expresses it, will be derided. Surely when one laughs, I must surely be the eyes water, and thus it is indeed a crying evil. Let all theatrical representations of humor be banished from the stage. In private life, be hushed all ribald jests, puns, conundrums and similar badalagenes of folly, which are but one's meditation from our general state of sorrow and sorrowing, and are apt to forget that levity of deportment and facility, which evinces inferiority of intellect and looks more like the degraded drunkard, than the sober, rational mind, continually sensible of the fluctuations of fortune, and the uninterrupted train of deaths, wars, political convulsions of society, physical revolutions in the atmosphere, earth and body, as tempests, earthquakes, and pestilences, besides the other innumerable evils in nature.

In this age of bullfrogs, how satisfactory it is to all us sages, such as you, I, and our readers, that a weekly newspaper is established, which so strongly advocates and promotes a due gravity of behaviour and congenial sensibility and sentiment, and that the enterprise is so well encouraged. Grown, write, and get all needed correspondents to write. Its *unwritten* I mean, of course, wisely so, in the true sense of the word, but not that they write ill. And no, their essays honor human nature, and must draw groans from every reader. May I hope to contribute one of them, for of all your contributors, none can boast more than I, of being one, truly *unwritten*.

If you could only hear me converse, you would pity me. When I am told of this beautiful world, I sigh and compare up to my companions' imagination, snakes in the grass, dreadful Ananias and his confidants, figs and stagnant marshes, damps, raw northeasters, fevers and agues, small pox, venereal disorders, duns, smoky chimneys, mosquitoes and corns, I defy them to call it a beautiful world. No, no! Flowers and sunshine are only aggravations. What delight is derived from looking at the rose's blush and softness, while domestic and business cares are gnawing in one's heart's core? And the prisoner in a dungeon, the slave at his labor trampling beneath the whip of an overseer, or the poor starving author in his attic, with his nose to his manuscript, his brain fermenting to distil a fine thought, his vacant stare fixed on the sooty stove-pipe which

half warms his fingers, what boasts it to them that a thousand varied and brilliant hues tinge the clouds of heaven as they majestically float along its azure expanse, when they can't get a sixpence, and would feel satisfaction only in a dish of mutton. It's all an aggravation. The mighty universe! Aye! wide enough to let a pestilential comet run back and forth to and from the sun, and scatter in its train, famine, pestilence and war. Woman, too, they talk of lovely woman, "Heaven's last best gift to man." Herby hang matrimony, children, cats, servants, fuel, furniture, the table and the stable, and all the multiplied, incidental expenses, to defray which, racks the mind with tortures. Better be tied to a stake, for when you take a miss, you *miss*-take.

Domestic fireside! Home, sweet home! Alas it is haunted by the baker, the butcher, the tailor, the shoemaker, the mantuamaker, and the milliner; all have claims upon the pocket, and the head must empty out its brains to be coined into cash. A peaceful home! Alas! daylight no sooner peeps, than the door knocker begins its thundering, the bell its ringing, yells of the house are outside, of milk, ho! sweep ho! with carts rattling and horses clattering, while servants tear up and down stairs as if distracted. One cries the baker! another, the butcher! then the gentleman's coal is come, the hickory is dumped, and coal carrier and cartman want their pay. Then there's the ashman and the street-sweeper, with a host of other domestic evils. This Bedlam rages around one's peaceful fireside all day, and I don't know where sweet home is, except at eleven o'clock P.M. when I am always so sleepy that I am constrained to bid domestic felicity good night, before I have been able fairly to sit down to it, and comfortably say good morning, which being the case, I beg leave to wish you a good bye, until I have the doloral delight to groan with you again.

SADFELLOW.

PASSION.

Man cannot be considered, as some cold would-be moralists would fain make him—a dispassionate being. He certainly is more than a mere automaton, and performs other duties in this sphere of action. That man has passions and is mostly governed by them, seems not to admit of a doubt—self-preservation is his first law, to which point centre all his actions and desires. His passions though numerous, are evidently, as Pope tells us, the modifications of self-love, and the elements by which they are generated, are pleasure and pain—man's possessions are numerous, but love and hatred, are certainly the most prominent, and under these alone may be embraced all the others, none of which should be indulged in to excess—it is in the moderate and not immoderate use that they are a blessing. The results of unrestrained passion have but too often satisfied us that they should always be governed by prudence and moderation.

All our pleasures are but momentary and when once enjoyed, are laid aside for new ones—That which at its maximum would be a real pleasure at its minimum is nothing more than mere gaiety and cheerfulness, while the medium of the extremes would be joy. The greater our pleasures the greater our apprehensions of losing them—so with our various pleasures we mingle fear. This in fact is its origin, and next follows its companion hope, both having a common source, the probability of good and evil. Fear cannot exist without it, for no sooner does it loosen its companion, than it vanishes to give place to sadness, which eventually is changed to despair, and consequently our existence becomes irksome and tedious.

Agreeable, like disserviceable passions, are not exempt from danger: each have numbered their victims, and each are alike only to be made strictly subservient to man's interest and happiness by education and moral improvement. Diogenes, Socrates, Polyarchus, Chilo, Philopodes, Dionysus and Pythagoras, have all fallen victims to excessive joy and pleasure. Doctor Faustus, Pope Clement VII. and Helio, to grief and sadness. Valentinian I. King Wencheslaus, and the Emperor Nero, to rage and anger. Children have not infrequently been killed or reduced to a state of idleness by fear, and therefore it is highly reprehensible for parents or others to endeavour to alarm children by misrepresentations, or as is sometimes the case with images of themselves, (which are not much better dressed upon fancied ghastly apparitions. Love has also as a passion been carried to such excesses as to cause death: a lover of Mademoiselle Gausson visiting her after a short absence, threw himself at her feet and there expired in love, pleasure and fury.

Mademoiselle de Siemé died suddenly at the death of her lover. Some cold misanthropic morals have consequently endeavored to impress the world with the idea that love should be avoided and not nurtured

in our bosoms, to prove as they do the canker and bone of all our happiness—such doctrine meets with its just reception and deserved contempt.

As a remedial article the passions are at least occasionally of some worth, and entitled to a place in our medical practice—many instances are on record of the good effects of fear, anger, or love, having removed diseases, that time and physicians could not remedy. I recollect reading somewhere of a gouty patient who had applied a large poultice of turnips to his feet, which some unruly swine had siege to and was devouring rapidly, when the sick man, who had not walked for a considerable length of time, jumped from his big arm chair, and travelled out of the way of his unwelcome visitor, with the alacrity of his youthful days—another instance was that of the *Marquis de Morigneau*, who at the siege of Siemé, in 1553, was so much frightened at a bullet that passed near him, that he was cured of the gout that had troubled him for a number of years.

After all man should know that the extreme of passion is vice and excess in pleasure produces disease. Happy is the man who thus believes, and worthy of long enjoying his delights. Indifference shuts a man from the enjoyment of all social intercourse—deprives him of the pleasures of love and friendship. The heart of the apathetic man is callous to all the finer feelings, he travels on his journey of life a mere automaton, of no use to himself or those around him; he knows nothing of the pure unalloyed enjoyments of the soul—his heart is bound up with triple brass, insensible to all the finest and sweetest impressions; like one asleep he drags out his unprofitable existence, and ends it as he commenced, a useless being.

ARISTIDES.

TO E.

In reply to—"When do you think of me?"

"Tojours, toujours"

"Je cherirai mon Ismaele;"

"Je l'adorerai toujours."

I think of thee love! when the nightingale singing
Awakes in my heart fond emotions of bliss,
As when thy sweet voice a magic is flinging,
More purely divine than the soul's thrilling kiss.
I think of thee love! when the moon is enrolling
In silvery whiteness, the mountain and vale;
And alone on the shore where the lillows are rolling,
I hear their wild murmurs float on the gale.
I think of thee love! when the bright stars are keeping
In yonder blue ether, their night watch alone;
And nature around me in silence is sleeping;
Alone on my pillow—I think of thee, love!
I think of thee love! until sleep has entwined me,
And in visions of night, I enchantingly roam
Mid Love's fairy bowers, till enraptured I find thee,
And then my fair charmer—I dream of thee, love!

SELMA.

The Camden (S. C.) Journal. That Daniel, the "cygnet white and pleasant" supervisor of the above print, is a happy compound of Connecticut shrewdness and Carolina generosity. There is no newspaper in all North America that contains so many whimsical conceits and pithy pungencies, as that same sheet, albeit in outward guise, there be but little to attract. 'Tis a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear; a nightingale in a smoke-house; a pomegranate in a tar-bucket; it glitters, and fascinates, and tempts, notwithstanding its dingy externals. Get thee better paper, man, and finer type; 'tis a shame to plant thy glowing thoughts and merry humours in such unseemly soil. *Working Men's Advocate.*

Female Agriculturalists are quite common in many parts of Europe; but in our own country they are somewhat novel, always excepting those who are guilty of having a black skin. There is however, some exceptions, even among our own belles. In proof of this, I would mention the fact, that we have among us a young lady who has in her possession a *bed-gilt* of her own manufacture, the cotton of which she planted, hoed, reaped, and grinned with her own hands, while residing in the territory of Arkansas a few years since.—*Marblehead Register.*

Love. Verbatim copy of a love letter sent by an enamoured swain to his beloved in Leeds. The lady not having partaken of the March of Intellect, (as petticoats are excluded from the institute,) handed it over to her master, who deciphered it for her; and we publish it as a model for Yorkshire Corydons:

"Dear Bessy,—A I do like thee—My Love is stronger than ivy—I nivr had a wick of sleep sin I wor at Leeds—Sun may melt mountains—and sand may run wick before I change my love again—I loike Poy better nor ought but I loike thee better than Poy—therefore thou may make up thee mind to let me put spurrings in—and we will be wed and gang home in a chaise at Martinmas."

TOBACCO AND WINE.

We perfectly agree with the writer of the subjoined remarks. There has been much cant on the use of wine and tobacco, and many good easy persons have been induced to abandon them *in toto*. But it has always been a mystery to ourselves how a glass of good wine or a cigar should be so very deleterious to a man's health. Were examples wanted to show the necessity of smoking in some constitutions, we might instance Robert Hall, the great divine in England, whom Mr. Sprague, in his letters, says, he found in company, lying on three or four chairs, and smoking the whole evening. We might instance another celebrated divine of this state, the head of a theological seminary, whose pipe is in his mouth a great part of the time. But the experience of every man, who has ever been addicted to the use of tobacco, will tell him that so long as he used it moderately, he felt no ill effects from it. Whether the moderate use of it is to be followed by the immoderate use, will depend entirely upon the individual. To say that he cannot indulge in the one without becoming addicted to the other, is but a poor compliment to that person with whom such an argument—if it be an argument—is endeavored to be maintained. But we give place for the extract, promising to resume the subject hereafter. En.

Look at those who use tobacco as a class—and it is a class unhappily sufficiently numerous, and one, too, which has existed long enough to afford us materials for satisfactory results—are they more liable to disease, more debilitated in body, or less vigorous in mind, than those who refrain? Experience says no.

Had it been otherwise, the truth must have forced itself irresistibly on men's minds after the observation of so many years. Whole generations, whole nations, we might almost say, have been in the constant use of this pernicious weed in various ways, yet no marked deleterious effects on their minds or health, have been the result. This is a practical proof, worth volumes of theoretical objections. That there are many individual cases of disease and perhaps of death, from the use of tobacco, we do not doubt; but that it is productive of any general morbid effects, we see no reason whatever for believing.

We may make mainly the same remarks concerning the use of wine. If used habitually, and particularly in large quantities, it is no doubt the cause of derangement in the functions of the body, and, in many individuals, produces disease and death. In this respect, it stands upon precisely the same ground with a great number of other articles of food and drink. The effect of porter, cider, perry, rich and high-seasoned food frequently, and in large quantities, are not less injurious to the health than those of wine. They all produce an immense amount of disease and suffering. But when we come to what is styled a moderate but habitual use of many of our most common dietetic habits, we believe many a man may better drink two or three glasses of wine, with or after his dinner, than a corresponding quantity of cider or porter; and more especially, that it will impair his digestive powers less than eating constantly newly baked bread, rich cake and puddings, and minced pies, or other pastry.

"In speaking of wine, it ought always to be understood that we mean the pure liquid, and not the vile mixtures which are so often manufactured and sold under its name. Many of them, undoubtedly, have all the essential qualities of ardent spirits. But in speaking of the effects of wine on the health, it is not just to lay to its charge all the evils which these are capable of producing, and this more particularly, since those who use wine habitually, are careful to procure it of a proper quality. It is wrong, also, to speak of wine as producing deleterious effects equal to those of that quantity of alcohol which may be procured from it by distillation. A bottle of Modern tobacco, contains within itself about a pint of proof spirit; but it does by no means follow, that its effects upon the system are equivalent to those of that quantity of spirit. We know very well that they are not, by observing those immediate consequences which may be taken as some degree the measure of the ultimate ones. It will be admitted, we presume, that on most men, a single glass of raw spirit will produce more decidedly the effects of intoxication, than a quantity of wine containing twice the amount of alcohol. And this is because the alcohol in the spirit acts simply as a stimulus, and is not probably digested at all, whilst in the wine it is combined chemically with certain other ingredients which render it capable of digestion to a certain extent, and consequently of nourishing the body.

The same remarks apply, with more or less truth, to all similar liquids, porter, ale, cider, and perry. If the objections urged are good against wine, they are so against all these. We do not deny that there are objections to the free use of all of them. We are not advocating their use; we only wish to let it stand

on its true and proper grounds, and to have no objections advanced which cannot be thoroughly made out. There are states of health, and there are constitutions, in which the constant and habitual employment of some of these liquors may be beneficial or even necessary." Christian Examiner.

KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

The knock-imperative; the single knock, awful as the sound of the morning gun to the sentenced soldier; or the approaching tramp of the marble commandant in Don Giovanni! Does it not say, "a person with a small account who waits for an answer!" does it not foreshadow a damp wafer and a sheet of writing paper similar in texture to a school-boy's cotton pocket handkerchief? Is not the eloquence of its one harsh, heavy blow, sufficient to make one—

—"burst all o'er
Into moist anguish never felt before!"

Then the knock-deprecatory; the pianissimo of the daily governess, of the quizzical friend living on an annuity, and the aid of an occasional dinner, or of the apothecary's assistant while his superior is recruiting at Margate; has it not a plausible gentleness in its vibration, which bespeaks forbearance?

Then we have the

"Double, double, double beat of the thundering."
Mrs. Alvarez Albuquerque Brown; whose Brobdiagian footmen are well aware that she wishes every body to think she is somebody, and is apprehensive that somebody may fancy she is nobody; does it not proclaim "I desired Hobson would spare no expense in my carriage; it is lined with *gros d'ete*, my horses are thoroughbred, and their caparisons solid silver: it is astonishing how much we all cost!"

The knock-domestic, on the other hand is as amiable as a verse from Cowper, or a tortoise shell cat purring in the sunshine. It connects itself by association with the returning husband; the smell of roast mutton; the conjugal work box half-closed, with the darning needle hastily inserted into the dilapidated web, and the nursery maid's "Hold your tongue, Miss Jenny, here's your pa!"

The knock-cordial proceeds from the friend just emancipated from that pillory and stocks-like instrument of torture; the royal mail; or from a cousin just landed from a long sea voyage.

The knock-reprobatorial; a sort of terse compact snarl upon the knocker; foreshadowing the crabbed father, uncle, or guardian; bursting with the discovery of a fertile fall of timber, or sale of stock, infringing upon marriage settlements, and the rights of an increasing family.

The knock-jocose or familiar; the operation of a deuced good fellow of a bachelor friend, sounds a sort of pun-like alarm for a series of horse-louche.

The knock-intenerato, has a sotto voce murmur; as interrupted by the delicate kid glove of the artist; a *nimmi-pimmi* intonation, serving to convey a presentiment of *mille-fleurs* to the palpitating drawing-room above; on which Julia flies in an attitude to her harp; and Sophia to the mirror to see that the ringlets are in order.

The knock-civilized, which is generally perpetrated by some sinful imp of a cub-boy; a miniature Apollon in top-boots; expresses "We shall be too late at Tat's if you don't make haste."

The knock-importune says, "Take up my card; he is always at home to me."

The knock-protracted of the *ennuye* draws out a prayer for admittance; forasmuch as to yawn in company is a better diversion than a soliloquy of the rapier.

The knock-agitated announces the fidgetty dispenser of morning-visit gossip: flying from house to house in that busiest duty of idleness, keeping up an acquaintance.

The knock-*infazio*, proclaims the inveterate proser, with a little theory of his own upon the currency; the knock-*pizzicato*, the dapper literary Lilliputian; a prodigious man in the armchair, and the ballad or crow quill line; the knock-*sfuzata*, some abrupt utilitarian friend, who flings his arguments at our head, and thumps our chair and our patience to fragments, in the energy of his philosophy. The knock-supplicational is fraught with the maudlin humanity of poor Pleadall, who has always "a trifle to beg for an unfortunate family of six small children dying of the small-pox, in a small attic of a small alley in Little Britain, which would really be great charity." Eng. Mag.

A Loining Pig. A north countryman, returning from a neighboring fair, having parted two freely of John Barleycorn, fell asleep by the road side, and a pig being attracted to the spot, began licking the drunken fellow's mouth; the latter feeling the salute, but mistaking the applicant, roared out, "Wha's kissin me noo? ye see what it is to be wheel liket among the lasses!"

EXTRACT FROM THE VESTAL.

At the Amphitheatre of Pompeii, the auto-grapher witnesses the exhibitions of wild beasts, gladiators and Christians. After detailing minutely the different spectacles of the former, he continues thus:

"Soon it came to the Christians' turn to acknowledge or deny their Saviour. Then, indeed, curiosity and interest were intensely excited. The first pair walked steadfastly and calmly by, without even looking at the altar. They were instantly withdrawn from the procession, and placed in the middle of the arena, as were all who refused to throw incense on the flame. Of the second pair, one seemed to hesitate, but his companion walked steadily on. The pulse of the first was but for a moment. The voice of nature would be heard—that of religion prevailed; and he too, at last passed the altar. The third pair seemed of different mould; and carelessly taking some incense from the censor, they jerked it lightly upon the altar, and passed along with the procession. Of the next pair, one was remarkably disturbed. His first impulse was to stop before the censor, they jerked it lightly upon the altar, and passed along with the procession. Of the next pair one was remarkably disturbed. His first impulse was to stop before the censor, and his hand was half stretched out to take the incense, and then drawn back as if irresolute—then "My child! My Child!" burst from his pale lips. "Thy God!" said the deep stern voice of his companion. The incense dropped from his trembling hand. But the voice and the agony of nature again prevailed, and again he seized some incense. "Choose," repeated the deep voice of his companion, "salvation and eternal life, or an hour and eternal death." The incense again dropped from his hand, and with a desperate resolution, he passed the altar; but as he turned away to join that band of fearless martyrs, in the centre of the arena, he stopped abruptly, and in a tone of agony, as if unconscious that any one saw him, he again ejaculated, "My child—my poor, fatherless deserted Maria."

"At this moment I chanced to look at the fair vestal; and though her face was turned down, I caught a glance of her eye, as it rested a moment upon the poor desolate father. It was swimming in tears; and mine I confess were not dry.

"I have already said, that they who threw incense upon the altar, passed on with the procession and were dismissed. The rest were conducted away under a guard of soldiers but to return again; and shortly I was condemned to witness a spectacle, whose bloody cruelty surpassed immeasurably all that I had hitherto witnessed. Armed with short straight swords, these men were obliged to contend with furious wild beasts, and were soon torn limb from limb. Some who had fought successfully with single beasts, had two fresh ones let out upon them. I was grieved when any of these poor men came out victorious, for it was evidently prolonging their sufferings since they were immediately beset with fresh and more numerous assailants.

"The poor father who had so much interested me, was condemned to contend with an elephant. It would seem as if a victory might be easily obtained over so heavy and unwieldy a beast; but he was armed only with a short, straight sword, sharp pointed indeed, but without an edge. Consequently in order to wound his foe, he was obliged to approach him so nearly as to come within reach of his trunk. The victory to the elephant would have been almost bloodless but for an accident. During some part of the preceding exhibition, some one had dropped a short, sharp sword, which lay buried beneath the sand, having escaped the notice of the persons employed to level the arena after each contest. This sword in the course of the present conflict was disclosed, the sand having been accidentally brushed away in the scuffle. The poor man after a violent thrust at the side of the animal, in an attempt to turn short round, slipped and fell directly over the weapon mentioned. He grasped it with all the energy of a desperate man! The ponderous beast stimulated by his pain, turned after him with a rapidity hardly to be expected from his mountainous bulk. A desperate scramble ensued. I saw him at one instant, as I thought, crushed into the earth with all the weight of his terrible antagonist's body—the next he sprang up, and I saw the bright blade of the weapon vanish in an instant, as it darted into the body of his foe. The motion of lightning is scarcely more rapid than was the motion of that desperate and dying man, as he ripped up the belly of the beast. This terrible and unexpected attack seemed to stagger the confidence and courage of the elephant. He bellowed fearfully for an instant, as he even attempted to rear his huge bulk. The amphitheatre rung with acclamations at this unexpected feat. A torrent of blood followed, and the very howls of the beast hung from the wound. But recovering in a moment, he wound his trunk round the poor, and I hope, senseless man, as he lay

writhing on the earth; and hurled him into the air; then, elevating his head, and throwing back his trunk, received him as he fell, with the aid of his trunk, completely empaling him upon one of his huge tusks. Never shall I forget that horrid spectacle. I saw the still animated form of the christian whirling round upon the tooth—I saw his eye straining and winking, and his hand wildly clutching vacancy, while the terrible beast held him up as if in triumph to the spectators. The crowd, that but a few minutes before had hailed with acclamations the unexpected feat of the Christian, now again strained their throats in honor of the victorious beast, while many in mockery turned up their thumbs.* The elephant as if he understood the laws of the amphitheatre, instantly seized the poor mangled victim in his trunk, and dashing him upon the arena, stamped him to death.

"But the beast himself was now becoming an object of much interest. He attempted to move away, but his excessive weakness prevented him. Perceiving how his strength was ebbing, the poor animal stopped—held down his head—blew out his trunk—uttering through it, as through a trumpet, a succession of deep, short sounds. Then as if endeavoring to combat with his weakness, he raised his head. In vain—it again sunk—again a deep moan was blown out, as it were, from his trunk—a rocking sort of motion followed—he staggered a few steps, and with another groan, the ponderous animal fell like a tower upon the sand."

A movement of disapprobation

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUTH.

It is highly important, my young friends, that you early acquire and establish habits of economy in matters of expense. It is important to your own personal welfare—to your success in the world, as well as to the welfare of your country. Young people are apt to entertain extravagant and absurd notions of life—to estimate their enjoyments by the money they cost; to choose enjoyments which are expensive, and connected with display. But you may depend upon it, the most valuable enjoyments are easily obtained—they cost but little money, and are within the reach of all, of the poor as well as of the rich. If a person's design is to secure such privileges and enjoyments only as are connected with virtue, with sobriety, intellectual improvements, and elevation of character, he may carry his design into operation with very limited funds. It is dissipation, sensual enjoyments which have no good moral tendency—it is such enjoyments as these that cost money and very often put young persons upon disagreeable and dishonorable expedients to meet their expenses. The truth is, men's dispensable wants which their own folly have created, or which the absurd customs of society have imposed—these wants are all expensive; and they do more than a little to prevent young people from rising in the world—to bring on failures, discouragements, habits of intemperance and crimes.

Who shall have the Prize? There was once to be a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was to reward the prize to the one pronounced the most beautiful.

"Who shall have the prize?" said the rose, stalking forth in all the consciousness of beauty; "Who shall have the prize?" said the other flowers, advancing each with conscious pride, and each imagining it would be herself. "I will take a peep at these beauties," thought the violet, as she laid her humble head, not presuming to attend the meeting; "I will see them as they pass." But as she raised her lowly head to peep out of her hiding place, she was observed by the judge, who immediately pronounced her the most beautiful, because the most modest.

Perpetual Motion. A Mr. Van Dyke, an old gentleman 70 years of age, is now constructing machinery in the Masonic Hall, 31 Broadway, to keep in perpetual motion, the machinery wears out. We have examined his principle, and think it can be converted to useful purposes. It consists in drawing the atmosphere of a room to a certain point, and then applying it on the buckets of a wheel the same as water or wind. The power is here increased in a very ingenious manner, worthy the attention of all scientific men and practical mechanics. The old gentleman informed us, that he had been fifteen years studying and constructing this invention, and had spent \$8,000 in trying experiments. He was eight years absent from his family. They supposed he was dead, not hearing from him during this period. He has now returned, to convince the world that his perseverance has not been in vain.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise, before he sinned?" asked an amiable "cara sposa" to her loving husband—"Till he got a Wife" answered the husband calmly.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY T. K. HERVEY, Esq.

Morn on the waters! and purple and bright—
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light!
O'er the glad wave, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Pull to the breeze she unbosoms her sail—
And her pennons stream onward, like Hope in the gale;
The waves come around her to murmur and song—
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along!
See! she looks up to the gold-tinged clouds—
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds;
Onward she glides amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters, away and away—
Bright as the visions of youth ere they part,
Passing away like a dream of the heart;
Woe, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by—
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think amid glitter and glow,
O! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky—
Treading its depths in the powers of her night—
And turning the clouds as they pass her to light!
Look to the waters! asleep on their breast
Seems not the ship like an island of rest,
Bright and alone on the shadowy main—
Like a heart cherished home on some desolate plain?

Who, as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings to the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep as the moon in the sky—
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten her bursting within?
Who as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever—
Hearts that are parted and broken forever!
Or dreams that he watches aloft on the wave,
The death bed of hope—or the young Sardinia grave.
'Tis thus with our life as it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song,
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers aloft, and with canvas unfurled—
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes;
Yet clustered with sorrow and freighted with sighs,
Fading and false is the aspect it wears.
As the smiles we put on just to cover our tears—
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot wear
Like heart broken exiles, lie burning below—
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

CUPID'S WARNING.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Take heed! take heed!
They will go with speed;
For I've just new-stringed my bow
My quiver is full, and if oft I pull,
Some arrow may hit, you know,
You know, you know,
Some arrow may hit, you know!"

"Oh! pull away!"
Did the maiden say,
"For who is the coward to mind
A shaft that's flung by a boy so young,
When both of his eyes are blind,
Are blind, are blind,
When both of his eyes are blind?"

His bow he drew;
And the shafts they flew
Till the maiden was heard to cry,
"Oh! take the dart from my aching heart,
Dear Cupid! or else I die!"
I die, I die,
Dear Cupid, or else I die!"

He sat, and smiled,
"I am but a child,
And should have no skill to find,
Even with both my eyes, where the dart now lies,
Then you know fair maid, I'm blind,
I'm blind, I'm blind,
You know, fair maid, I'm blind"

But pray, be calm,
And I'll name a balm
That's brought by an older hand,
And I'm told is sure these wounds to cure
'Tis Hymen applies the band;
The band, the band,
'Tis Hymen applies the band!

Now I must not stay—
I must haste away—
For my mother has bid me try
These fluttering things, my glistening wings,
Which she tells me were made to fly,
To fly, to fly,
She tells me were made to fly.

THE REMOVAL.

A nervous old gentleman, tired of trade,
By which, though, it seems, he a fortune had made,
Took a house 'twixt two sheds, at the skirts of a town,
Which he meant at his leisure to lay and pull down.

This thought struck his mind when he viewed the estate,
Alas! when he cut'd he found it too late;
For in each dwell a smith, a mere hand working two
Never doctor'd a patient or put on a shoe.

At six in the morning, their anvils at work
Awoke our new squire, who raged like a Turk;
"These fellows," he cried, "such a clattering keep,
That I never can get above eight hours sleep."

From morning till night they kept thumping away,
No sound but the anvil the whole of the day;
His afternoon nap, and his daughter's new song
Were banish'd and spoil'd by their hammers' ding-dong.

He offer'd each Vulcan to purchase his shop,
But no, they were stubborn, determined to stop;
At length (both his spirits and health to improve)
He cried I'll give each fifty guineas to move.

"Agreed," said the pair, that will make us amends,
"Then come home," said the squire, and let us part friends,
You shall dine, and we'll drink, on this joyful occasion,
That each may live long in his new habitation.

He gave the two Blacksmiths a sumptuous regale,
He spared not provisions, his wine nor his ale,
So much was he pleased with the thought that each guest
Would take from him the noise, and restore him his rest.

"And now," said he, tell me where mean you to move?
I hope to some spot where your trade will improve."
"Why, Sir," replied one, with a grin on his phiz,
You Forge moves to my shop and I move to his.

VENETIAN SERENADE.

The sweet guitar is tinkling, love,
The stars above are twinkling, love,
The silver lake
Is all awake,
And pleasure's flowers are sprinkling, love.
The moon is high and beaming, love,
Its bright rays are gleaming, love,
The night is fair,
The balmy air
Upbraids thee for thy dreaming, love.
O wake then from thy sleeping, love,
Ever morning dawn is peeping, love,
And go with me,
Where mirth and glee
Their carnival are keeping, love.
Wake, for the hours are fleeting, love,
The gay, the young, are meeting, love,
Come join the throng,
The dance, the song,
And warm will be thy greeting, love.

From the Providence Patriot.

The character of Letitia Hardy, (sustained by Clara Fisher, in the Belle's Strategem,) was written to prove the principle that it is easier to change hate into love, than to excite love from indifference. The following may be taken as an illustration.

I gave her a rose—And I gave her a ring,
And asked her to marry me then;
But she put them all back—the insensible thing,
And said she'd no notion of men.
I told her I'd oceans of money and goods,
And tried her to fright with a growl,
But she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods,
To be scared by the shade of a owl.
I called her a laggard and every thing bad—
I slighted her features and form—
Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad,
And she raged like the sea in a storm.
And then in a moment I turned and I sued,
And begged her my angel and all,
And she felt in my arms like a wearisome child,
And exclaimed—"We will marry NEXT FALL!"

THE HUNT OF DEATH.

The morning shines bright and the heavens are clear,
The fields of the forest are gay,
And Death has taken his horse and spear
To go a hunting to-day.

To view that horseman as proudly he rides,
Might make a warrior quail;
He springs o'er the ground with fearful strides,
And his steed is his favorite Pale.

He met two beggars, one was lame,
The other was old and blind—
But Death scorn'd to strike at such humble game;
So he rode on and left them behind.

A Matron he found on a mossy seat,
With her only child beside her,
"Now here," said he, "I'll my breakfast eat,"
For Death is a hungry rider.

He breathed on the child as he swiftly rode by—
It fell with a gentle groan;
And triumph gleam'd in Death's livid eye,
As he heard the mother's moan.

He came up with a hyponochondriac,
Who saw him and started to run,
But to rouse such games and follow his track,
Death thought it was excellent fun.

Though the poor devil fled with a rapid pace,
He soon was brought to a stop;
For he foolishly thought he'd escape from the chase
By a jump in the Doctor's shop!

The patient told of terrible ills,
While the Doctor told terrible lies,
And Death, as the victim swallowed the pills,
Laughed ready to burst his ribs.

Small chance for safety I woe was there,
For after a course of phylactery
Death took the blood and the brain for his share,
And the Doctor hung up the anatomy.

He met a Knight riding proud on the plain,
On his shoulder the Red Cross he wore,
By his vow he was bound o'er the far distant main,
To fight on the Sarracen shores.

But he! he! cried Death, he'll follow well met,
In these I greet a brother,
'Twere great sin for us our lances to set,
In rest against each other.

But the Knight reined his steed as the phantom came near,
While his brow grew stern and high,
Let the coward, he said, view the aspect with fear;
Pell tyrant, thy strength I defy.

Quoth Death, Sir Knight, your armour shines bright
But you never shall it rust,
The Warrior raised his brand, but it drop'd from his hand,
And his body roll'd in the dust!

This morning, said Death, I've had poor sport,
As I'm an unlucky stoner,
Here's the city of the plague, I'll rest from my toil,
And set down to a plentiful dinner. Georgia Courier.

Manager's Address. The following is a correct report of an address delivered by the manager of a mail theatre in Ireland, where Mr. Rae was engaged to perform. There were only three persons in the house: "Ladies and gentlemen, as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performances of this evening will not be performed; but they will be repeated again to-morrow evening."

Bar Wit. Harry Erskine, of facetious memory, was retained for a female named Tickle, against whom an action had been brought. On the trial he commenced his address to the Court thus: "Tickle my client, the defendant, my lord." The audience, amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics by the judge replying: "Tickle her yourself Harry, you are as well able to do it as I."

VARIETY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRI-COLORED BOOK.

It would be impossible to relate all the traits of heroism that have come to our knowledge. Women and children mingled with the combatants. Two women were seen on the Place de Greve, in the first rank, seizing muskets of killed soldiers, and firing upon the royal troops, for two hours. Others precipitated themselves into the midst of the combatants, to carry them bread and wine. Never has a nation fought with greater effort and patriotism.

During the combat at the porte Saint-Denis, on Wednesday, a boy of 15 years, advanced in the midst of the fire, quite near to an officer commanding the cavalry, which supported the artillery, and with a pistol, blew his brains out. He was immediately fired upon from all sides; but the boy having expected this, threw himself flat on the ground, and afterwards escaped safely. But perceiving that he had left his cap on the spot, he returned without hesitation, and a second time escaped safely.

A young girl displayed the courage of a hero. On the place of the Exchange, she braved a shower of royal balls and was the first who seized a cannon. Conducted to the Hotel de-Ville, she was placed in a chair and carried in triumph, covered with wreaths, in the midst of the most enthusiastic shouts.

From seven to eight hundred young men, who apparently belonged to the laboring classes of Paris, ran through the streets without arms, from 12 to 15 in a line, shouting, "The Charter for ever!" "Long live General Lafayette!" "The national guard for ever!" "Bravo, gentlemen of the national guard, we are your recruits, your young men!"

THE DARK DAY.

Hon. Wheeler Martin, has favored the editor of the Providence Subaltern, with the following recollections of the Dark Day in 1780.

A writer in the New-York Evening Post has given many accurate sentiments of the Dark Day, which occurred in the year 1780, but has made one mistake respecting the time it took place. He says in his statement, that "the husbandman was busily employed in planting, and that the spring was uncommonly forward." The spring was forward it is true; but the writer if he was then a New-England man, ought to have known, that the regular planting time in New-England, is the first and second weeks in May; and thereby he might have known, that if the dark day was in planting time, it would not have been in April. But the fact was that the dark day was on the 19th day of May, 1780.

On the farm where I resided at that time, the grass had grown to a considerable height, quite a prick for the stock. The darkness at eleven o'clock was so great, that a candle was lighted and placed upon the table; the fowls went to roost; the sheep all huddled around in a circle, with their heads inward. The grass to look at, through the window, seemed of a yellow green; the same as to look through smoked glass upon green grass.

I well remember, that the gentlemen of the house read the following scripture by candle light to his numerous family.

"The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord's coming."

The darkness was so great in the night time, that it was said by one Dr. Blackington, who resided near the northeast part of Rehoboth, who had occasion to be out among his patients that night, that he could not see his white pocket-handkerchief placed before his eyes. The darkness was so thick, that it could be felt.

The year 1780, was celebrated for the many Northern lights; they covered the whole horizon over; they would flash like lightning and till the air with the smell of sulphur. The lights were so red, that the flashes would bring warmth against the face.

The great snow-fall was in December, 1779, or January, 1780. It snowed seven days; the snow was estimated to be four feet on a level, and the drifts from eight to ten feet high. The snow came moist and coarse, but it was so cold that it congealed very hard. The people travelled over stone walls with their teams. It is said to be a fact, that for thirty days, the snow did not melt from the eaves of the houses on the sunny side. The banks were so high, that sheep were buried up in them, and there remained for forty days, until they were found by their air holes, and then dug out alive.

This year the whole of the Naragansett Bay was frozen over so thick and hard, that the late honorable John Brown, passed from Providence on the river of ice, to Newport and back, and I believe some went on skating parties the whole range. General William Valentine, sleighed wood from Fall River to Newport on the ice, through Bristol Ferry.

The people of Newport burnt their furniture to keep themselves from freezing. The British army left the island of Rhode Island in the November, 1779, and stripped the people of all their valuables. In a manner, the years of 1779 and 1780, were the hardest winters known for a century last past.

The weather was so severe in the winter of 1780, that many people were frozen to death. A man went from Attleborough, Mass. with a load of hoops to Boston, and was caught in the great storm; and returning home, was frozen to death coming off Boston Neck. His ox team was frozen to death, and was found standing on their feet, as the snow was deep enough to support them.

Female Agriculturalists are quite common in many parts of Europe; but in our own country they are somewhat novel, always excepting those who are guilty of having a black skin. There is, however, some exceptions, even among our own belles. In proof of this, I would mention the fact, that we have among us a young lady who has in her possession a bed quilt of her own manufacture, the cotton of which she planted, hoed, reaped and grinded with her own hands, while residing in the territory of Arkansas a few years since. This fact may surprise some of our fair readers, but confirmation is at hand, if any of them are incredulous. Can any white female south of the Potomac, boast as much?

Marblehead Register.

The Intellect. One proof of the superior and independent excellence of this lofty endowment, may be found in the fact that the brute creation have got the senses in far greater perfection than man, and yet their external knowledge is a blank in comparison to his. A raven can scent his prey at a distance of many leagues; a hog can smell a trifle that is buried under the earth—an eagle can see an object with distinctness at the distance of several miles; the fall of a leaf cannot escape the ear of a sleeping hare; the Polypos, says Dumeril, is capable of perceiving light itself by its finest touch; most quadrupeds are enabled to distinguish more accurately between wholesome and poisonous herbs than the most accomplished and laborious botanist; and yet by his intellect alone, man is able to triumph over the comparative deficiency of his senses, and with inferior modes of acquiring knowledge, to rise to that prodigious superiority which he possesses. Tales of the Senses.

The grave of Jefferson. The following description of the place, where rests the remains of the sage of Monticello, is extracted from a North Carolina paper:

"I ascended the winding road, which leads from Charlottesville to Monticello. The path leads to a circuitous ascent of about two miles up the miniature mountain to the farm and grave of Jefferson. On entering the gate which opens into the enclosure, numerous paths diverge in various directions, winding through beautiful groves to the summit of the hill. From the peak on which the house stands, a grand, nearly unlimited view opens to the thick wooded hills and fertile valleys which stretch out on either side. The University with its dome, porticoes and colonnade, looks like a fair city in the plain; Charlottesville seems to be directly beneath. No spot can be imagined as combining greater advantages of grandeur, healthfulness and seclusion. The house is noble in its appearance, two large columns support a portico, which extends from the wings, and into it the front door opens. The apartments are neatly furnished and embellished with statues, busts, portraits and natural curiosities. The grounds, and out houses have been neglected—Mr. Jefferson's attention being absorbed from such personal concerns by the cares attendant on the superintendence of the University, which, when in health, he visited daily since the erection commenced.

"At a short distance behind the mansion, in a quiet, shaded spot, the visitor sees a square enclosed, surrounded by a low unmortared, stone wall, which he enters by a neat wooden gate. This is the family burial ground, containing ten or fifteen graves, none of them marked by epitaphs, and only a few distinguished by any memorial. On one side of this simple cemetery is the resting place of the patriot and philosopher. When I saw it the vault was just arched, and in readiness for the plain stone which is to cover it. May it ever continue like Washington's without any adventitious attractions or conspicuousness; for when we or our posterity need any other memento of our debt of honor to those names, than their simple inscription on paper, wood, or stones, gorgeous tombs would be a mockery to their memories. When gratitude shall cease to concentrate their remembrance in the hearts of our patrons, no cenotaph will inspire the reverence we owe them."

ITEMS.

THE GREY MARE THE BETTER HORSE. Harrison Gray Otis has been re-elected Mayor of Boston by a majority of about two thousand votes.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE. After twenty-seven days of "total abstinence," says the Journal of Commerce, we have at last got an European packet, the ship *De Rhina*, captain De Peyster, from Havre. Quite abstemious, 'pon honor, in the way of packets!

WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING. The Buffalo Journal states that British agents are prowling through the Western part of this state, purchasing sheep at extravagant prices, in order to cut off the supply of native wool. If true, this is *fleeing* our manufactures pretty effectually.

SNAKISH POTATO. A potato, says the Carolinian Gazette, has been left at our office, resembling, in form and appearance, a snake, in its coil, the head being protruded from the centre of the coil, as in the act to strike. The body is wound up as intricately as if done by human ingenuity; the action of the muscles thrown out of each side of the contractions formed by the ligature incident to its own folds, and the whole appearance, as a good rough imitation of the reptile to which we have likened it, are perfectly unique.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE AGAIN. Many of the Presses are complaining of and finding fault with the Message on account of its length. It is vastly amusing to notice their lamentations—the length of some of them, is double that of the Message. Consistency is every thing.

EXAMPLE IS CONTAGIOUS. The party of Indians that has been figuring at the Park Theatre, was seen yesterday morning parading through our streets, dressed in blankets of white, green and red, set off with ribbons of the same color. Query. Will they send a delegation to France?

Fate of the Hornet. A communication has been made to Dr. Mitchell, of this city, enclosing for his inspection some specimens of hornets' nest paper, as applied to the making of bonnets. It is stated that one nest afforded plating for three bonnets; and that the material can be colored and speedily prepared. Dr. Mitchell appears to think well of this application of the above material.

Should this be the means of breaking up the milliners' nests, the Doctor will have a nest of hornets about his ears with a vengeance.

Rather Snippy. A correspondent of the Banner of the Constitution, informs the public that excellent wine may be made of the sap of the maple and black birch, boiled together and allowed to ferment.

Publican and Republican. The Rev. Alexander Campbell has been announced in a Kentucky paper, as having an appointment to preach in "the Republican church."

This is coming pretty near the scriptures which command the gospel to be preached to *publicans*—the difference is only *in re*.

A dead shot. On the 27th ult. a young man in Pensacola shot a negro girl through the head, which caused her death in a few moments. From the facts disclosed by the witnesses, says the Pensacola Gazette, we are inclined to think it was more the result of accident than design.

FOREIGN.

By the ship *De Rhina*, which sailed from Havre Nov. 5th, have been received accounts up to that date. We extract the following items from the N. Y. Courier.

PARIS. A new ministry has been appointed in France, at the head of which is M. Lafitte, the celebrated banker. Affairs are in a state of quietude.

The Committee of the Court of Peers are extending their inquiries respecting the measures of the late ministry, as far back as August, 1829.

The examination of the impeached ministers has been finished, and of many of the witnesses. The debates on the subject were not expected to commence before the 15th of December. The Chamber of the Peers will be fitted up for that occasion.

Paris, Oct. 31. A grand review of the National Guard in Paris, by the king, has just taken place. He has expressed his great satisfaction at their discipline and experience, in an eloquent letter to General Lafayette, who has published it in his general orders to the National guard.

ENGLAND. The speech of the king was delivered at the opening of Parliament. From mention being made of the disturbances in the counties and the destruction of machinery, we are led to believe these have assumed a more serious character.

It appears according to the English papers, that incendiaries are multiplying frightfully in the county of Kent; troops have received orders from Government to march in that direction.

London, Oct. 29. The situation of Ireland continues to be the subject of general conversation. Many reports are in circulation, and many conjectures are hazarded concerning the results of this situation. The general opinion is, that measures will be adopted to repress the sentiments which predominate in that country, and that tranquility will be restored.

Moscow. Travellers from Warsaw arrived at Leipzig, state that the present ferment prevails in the whole kingdom of Poland as well as the capital. The Russians have considerable forces on the frontiers as a precaution. According to their accounts the troops thus collected to surround the kingdom amount to 80,000 men.

Brussels, Oct. 2. Destruction of Antwerp. Our volunteers having worn out the enemy in a year of skirmishes, which lasted three days, at last made themselves masters of Berchem and Bergerhont, and after a severe contest they found themselves under the walls of Antwerp, within which place the enemy had retreated.

The 26th in the morning, the people of Antwerp, on being informed that our volunteers were under the walls of the town, rose in arms and dispersed the scattered military.

The conquerors, being joined by a great number of auxiliaries who had armed themselves with muskets and ammunition of the conquered, marched to the different gates of the city where they fought resolutely till night, without any other result than a serious loss on both sides, in killed and wounded.

On the 27th before day, the battle began again, with new ardour, at seven o'clock in the morning, the citizens were masters of the Red Gate and of the gate of Bergerhont. The soldiers fled towards the gate, Saint George.

Our volunteers then entered Antwerp through the gates taken from the Hollanders. They marched to the *grande place* where they were received with an enthusiasm which it would be difficult to describe.

The Hollanders retreated to the citadel, which is pursued by the citizens, and the whole city remained in the power of the latter.

The whole square of the *Entrepot* is destroyed; the street *du couvent*, and the canal of St. Jean prevented the fire from spreading further. It is horrible to relate, that during the bombardment, the Hollanders caused to be transported into the *Entrepot*, some barrels of pitch, which were set fire to, fortunately a great part of the merchandise was carried away, and had a little longer time been given, the whole would have been removed. The merchant ships were in the docks and canals, some houses have been much injured by the bombs thrown from the citadel, but the whole square of buildings occupied as the *Entrepot* is entirely destroyed, the loss estimated at 24 millions of florins. Holland will have to pay an indemnity for it. The American Consul has assured M. Rogier, that his government will claim an indemnity. By this incendiary act, Holland has attacked all nations, it will, however, serve our cause most admirably.

The merchandise which was in the entrepot at Antwerp, has been valued at 55 millions, a letter has been communicated to us from M. Rogier, in which he says the loss is exaggerated, there can be no doubt, however, it is immense. The merchants of Brussels will lose alone 800,000 francs.

Brussels, Oct. 30. Antwerp presents an animated, but desolate spectacle, since the bombardment. All the streets are barricaded, and the patriotic flag is floating over the city. M. Oliver is now commandant of the place. Many persons were buried in the ruins of their houses. The appearance of the city was terrible, when set on fire by a shower of bombs, grenades, &c.; the streets deserted by all, except now and then a few fugitives.

Mr. WILLIAM C. LORD having taken a share in this paper, the business relating to its publication will hereafter be transacted under the firm of LORD & BARTLETT.

J. WHITE, Watch Maker, 72 Liberty-street
Repairs watches and clocks of ever description. Oct. 5

DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS.
PERSONS preserving files of any of the Daily or Weekly Papers published in this city, may obtain any lost numbers at LOWBER'S News-William-Street. Dec. 12

TO THE PUBLIC. The subscriber has appointed WM. L. RUSHTON, 81 William street, his general agent for the sale of "Potter's Vegetable Cathartic," for the city of New York, from whom it may be had, wholesale or retail, at the lowest laboratory prices. He has also appointed Mr. Rushton agent for Potter's celebrated Eye Water, where orders will be supplied.

W. W. POTTER.



THIS Medicine has for these seven years past been held in high estimation by the medical faculty, and obtained a reputation which its efficacy alone has supported.

The flattering testimony which has already been adduced, it having been used in almost every PUBLIC INSTITUTION throughout the UNITED STATES; and its employment by gentlemen of high medical attainments, in cases where the ordinary prescriptions had failed, form irresistible proof of its great value.

The diseases in which this medicine has been most conspicuously useful, are:

Diseases of the Liver, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Dropsy resulting from Intemperance and Disipation, Scratches and King's Evil, old and inveterate Ulcers, Pains in the Lungs, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Diseases of the Lungs, Syphilis, Blisters on the face and skin, White swelling of the Joints, Pectoral Diseases, &c.

Price, Two Dollars per Bottle.

POTTER'S EYE WATER.

Extensive experience enables me to recommend the above remedy, which if properly used, will not fail to cure the most inveterate ophthalmia either symptomatic or idiopathic.

NO MINERAL SUBSTANCE whatever, enters into its composition, and hence is decidedly preferable to the remedies which are usually employed, which chiefly consist of copper, lead, zinc, &c. and are calculated to produce a more or less of more formidable complaints.

Price; One Dollar per Bottle.

W. POTTER,

No. 13, South Ninth Street, opposite the University.
Certificates of cures can be had of the proprietor's agent, 81 Wm. street, New York.
Dec. 25.

LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTORY

DAKER & CLOVER, Carvers and Gilders, 183 Fulton street, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have made an extensive addition to the Ornamental department of the most fashionable patterns from London, and are enabled to manufacture Frames for Paintings, Looking Glasses, &c. of various patterns, antique or modern, to suit the taste of the most fastidious.
April 24, 11

LIVERPOOL AND ORREL COAL AFLOAT

Now discharging from ship *Mary and Harriet* a superior cargo of Liverpool coal, selected large to family use, and lowered into the hold of the vessel, for sale in lots to suit purchasers by applying on board at India wharf, or to H. & A. Stokes, 137 Broadway, and 374 Washington-st., near Beach.

Also afloat and for sale as above, Sydney and Seakill coal of an excellent quality; and in yard Lehigh, Lackawanna, Piquet, and fine Liverpool Coal.

MEDICAL

D. NEELY, announces to the citizens of New-York, that he has opened his office at 155 Mott street, between Broome and Grand, and willing to extend the benefits of the sciences—tenders his professional service to the poor without charge.

EVENING SCHOOL.

ST. JOHN'S ACADEMY, 172 Chapel-street, A. L. BALCH, Principal. The public is respectfully informed that this institution is now opened for the reception of those gentlemen who wish to improve their education during the winter evenings.

The range of study embraces, besides the common English branches, the use of Logarithms, Algebra, Geometry, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Mensuration of Heights and Distances by Trigonometry, also Geometrical, Surveying, Civil Surveying, Mechanics, Mensuration applied to building, particularly Carpentry and Masonry.

Particular attention will be given to PENMANSHIP, French and German.

BOOK-KEEPING, on the most approved plan, by a practical Book-keeper.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR taught practically, by familiar lectures, to private classes, two evenings in a week.

N. B. Readers instructed in WRITING between the hours of 6 and 5 every afternoon.

FRENCH CLASS, from 3 to 5, P. M. by Monsieur GARNIER, from Paris.
Dec. 11.

THE ART OF DANCING. Mr. Charraud respectfully acquaints his patrons, the ladies and gentlemen, that his dancing School will re-open at the assembly room, City Hall, on Monday, the 29th Oct. inst. Days of attendance, Monday and Saturday, at half past 2 o'clock in the afternoon for the ladies, at 6 in the evening for the younger class of gentlemen, and at 8 for the older class. The Cotillon Party on every Tuesday evening, to commence the first Tuesday of November. Terms of tuition, &c. can be ascertained at Mr. C's, White st., where the subscription books are open for those who will favor him with their subscription.

E. BLOOMER.

AT No. 160 Broadway, is prepared to supply his customers and the public generally, with *HATS* of the most approved style and finish, at various prices. Also—London Black and Drab Beavers; and Umbrellas of the best quality; French Gloves.

Caps in great variety, viz. Men and Boy's Travelling, Swiss, Bolivar, and Fancy.

Officers of the Army and Navy furnished with CAPS to order at short notice.

Family orders promptly attended to. May 15

DR. PIERSON'S Cucumber Sarsaparilla Compound, a new, safe, and speedy remedy for the cure of gonorrhoea, gleet, strictures, seminal weakness, pains in the loins, kidneys, irritation of the bladder and urethra, gravel, and other disorders of the urinary passages, frequently performing a perfect cure in the short space of three or four days.

The Cucumber is chemically combined with Sarsaparilla and other ingredients, which render it highly beneficial in secondary syphilitic symptoms, scorbutic eruptions, rheumatism, pains in the bones, ulcers, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. This medicine combines in an elegant form, three of the most popular and effectual remedies in use at the present day, its concentration making the dose so small, that the most delicate stomach can receive and retain it with pleasure. On the extensive use and great benefit of these remedies in England at the present day, little need be said. The celebrity this Concentrated Compound has gained in London, has induced many respectable gentlemen to prescribe it for their patients.

For sale by WM. RUSHTON, 81 William-street, second door from Maiden-Lane. July 3

PAPER, BOOK, TRUNK, AND BANDOBOARD.

FOR sale by the subscriber at his Paper Warehouse, No. 45 John-street—his elegant white and tinted Letter and Note Papers; plain, gilt, silvered and perforated (premiered at the fairs of 1828 and 9) Foolscap, cut and in flats, fine and common; Demy and Medium Writing Papers, blue and white, admitted to be superior for blank books to any in the market; Rose and Blossom coloured Blotting Paper; Printing, music and Copper-plate Paper, made by hand, and by one of the latest and most approved English Machines; also, hardware, Ironmongers double and single crown Wrapping, Cartridge, Log Stainers, and Sand Papers; likewise, Book, Trunk and Bando-board. The above are from the subscriber's manufactory, and for sale at his Warehouse, 45 John-street.

s-10 ROBERT DONALDSON.

HAGNER'S Vegetable Panacea and Anodyne Salve, for strengthening the system.

THIS medicine is undoubtedly the best specific ever invented, and it has never in any instance failed of effecting a cure of the King's Evil, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, White Swelling, Salt Rheum, Rose Cancer, and all diseases arising from impurities of the blood.

Among a great number of certificates are the following, which may be seen and the medicines supplied with proper directions and advice, on application to Mrs. J. Hagner, No. 34, Grand-street, N. Y. Price 2 dollars per bottle for the Panacea, and 50 cents per box for the salve.

THIS is to certify that my son was afflicted with the King's Evil. I came to New-York, and bought medicine of Mrs. Hagner, which made a perfect cure.

Elizabeth, L. L. JOHN T. WELLS.

THIS is to certify that I was afflicted with the King's Evil for 14 years, I applied to a number of physicians; I took Scurvy Panacea; all to no purpose. I applied to Mrs. Hagner, and she made a perfect cure. I have been well ever since last March three years.

THREE FAIRLEY, 160 Mott street.

THIS is to certify that one of my children was afflicted with the King's Evil for five years, during which time he was attended by the first medical men, without any effect, and then I applied to Mrs. Hagner, and she effected a cure, and there has not been any symptoms for two years and a half.

PAUL ROGEE, Newark N. J.

THIS is to certify that my child was afflicted with the King's Evil, and after trying many things recommended by the doctor and two physicians, and to no effect, but the above medicine of Mrs. Hagner, which effected a perfect cure. There has not been any symptoms since the year Oct. 9, 1827.

ABEL BOOLSLEY, 25 Park-street N. Y.

WHOLESALE MANUFACTORY OF

QUILLS, PENS, AND WAVERS.

No. 60 William-Street, New-York.

FOR SELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the country, for a regular and periodic supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any house on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the United States, it is hoped domestic manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that can do will be so much to have the workmanship superior to any produced from a foreign market. The terms on which the different kinds of dressings are known, are first, double Dutch—2d, pale and yellow clarified—3d, fluted opaque—4th, unclarified Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the proprietor, and have given for the time in use, universal satisfaction. To country merchants and others, the highest price will be given for American raw Quills, either in cash or exchange.

Grateful for the very decided preference received for the last fourteen years, I subscribe myself the public's obedient servant,
May 15 ly P. BYRNE.

BROADWAY COFFEE HOUSE, 646 Broad
way, 100 doors from 5th street, next,
RANDOLL'S HARMONIC PARTY
will take place on Monday evening next,
December 27, 1830.
Admittance 12 1-2 cents, with a
Refreshment Ticket.

To commence at half past 7 o'clock.
W. assures the residents of the upper part of
the city, that a rational evening's entertainment
will be afforded to such as patronize him. Songs
and Glees will be introduced by several professors,
and arrangements will be made, if encouraged in
his exertion to combine musical talent of a superior
order for that evening during the season.
Nov. 29 1830

FOR THE CURE OF THE TOOTH ACHE.

THE subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Sur-
geon, having extensively used in the cure of
the Tooth-Ache, "Thomas White's Vegetable
Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he
can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any
other remedy now before the public: If obtained of
the subscriber a cure is guaranteed.

The original certificate of the patentee, from
which the following extracts are taken, may be seen
at the subscriber's office, No. 5 Chambers street.

JONATHAN DODGE.
"The subscriber would respectfully inform
the public, that he has communicated a knowledge
of the ingredients of which his celebrated 'Tooth-
ache Drops' are pharmaceutically and chemically
compounded, to Dr. JONATHAN DODGE, Surgeon
Dentist, No. 5 Chambers street, who will always
have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the
subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber
most cordially and earnestly recommends to every
person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering
the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to
call as above and have the disease eradicated, and the
pain entirely and forever removed. This medicine
not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the
progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are dis-
eased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to
the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for
stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous ap-
plication of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged
in the firmest manner and without pain. As to the
cure of the tooth-ache, there ever have been, and
ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient
even one application of this medicine will often give
entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now
testify, and where the medicine is carefully and pro-
perly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its
intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber as-
sures the public, that 'White's Tooth-ache Drops,'
prepared by himself, Thomas White, the patentee,
can at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its
utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon
Dentist, No. 5 Chambers street.
New York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830.

THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of
Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

CONE'S ANTIDOTE, FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.

THIS Medicine, once so highly celebrated for
the cure of that distressing disorder, the whoop-
ing cough, has long lain in obscurity, as it was sup-
posed that the secret of its composition had expired
with its inventor, Dr. Cone. But a receipt has late-
ly been discovered by one of his descendants, who,
motivated by the circumstances, has prepared and
after numerous trials of its efficacy, now offers it to
the public. It may be taken with the most perfect
safety by children under any circumstances, in their
being employed in its composition. The prop-
rietary, however, deems it useless to comment upon
its virtues, and desires those who are afflicted with
the disorder to make trial and judge for the ashes.
Price 50 cents. Sold only at the following places—
DR. H. CUTLER THORPE,
Aug 14 131 Walker street.

EVER-POINT PENCILS, Wholesale and
Retail, at L. L. COHEN'S, 71 William street.
Manufacturer of the Lead for the above pencils.
Importer of British Fancy Stationery. 15

MRS. SCHULTZ, No. 559 Broadway, continues
to give lessons in the beautiful art of Gilding,
Engraving, and Painting, after the Chinese. This
delightful accomplishment can be acquired by any
person in a very few lessons, no matter how igno-
rant of the subject, and who once learnt, can be
turned to so many useful as well as profitable pur-
poses, that every lady should have a knowledge of
it. Specimens of card racks, screens, table matts,
and table tops, can be seen any time.

A class of Ladies commences every afternoon at 2
o'clock, into which four more can be received.
Voice Painting also taught in a few lessons.
October 16 11

DAVID FELT.

STATIONERS' HALL, No. 215, Pearl Street.
HAS constantly on hand and for sale at the
very lowest prices, either for cash or approved
credit, a very extensive assortment of Stationery,
Paper, Blank Books, and School Books, &c. &c.
N. B. Blank Books made to order at short notice
July 17.

LACKAWANNA OF 1830.

AT JOHN H. BOSTWICK'S GENERAL
COAL YARD, corner of West and Clarkson
streets.
This superior anthracite coal will be delivered in
any part of the city, free of cartage, at 27.50 cts. in
lumps, 8 dollars per ton of 2240 lbs. broken up and
screened.

SCHUYLKILL, VIRGINIA COAL,
LEHIGH, of the following pits;
LIVERPOOL, MILLS
SYDNEY, MIDLOTHIAN, and
CHARCOAL, NEW PIT.
Pine Coal Boards, and Cedar Boat Boards, A con-
stant supply as above. Oct. 7

To Publishers of Newspapers, Magazines, and other Periodicals throughout the U. States.

THE subscriber having established an Agency for
Newspapers, Magazines, and other Periodicals, at
No. 17 William street, respectfully solicits the patronage
of the publishers of such works. He has long been in the
employ of the Daily Journals of this city, and is well ac-
quainted with every branch of the business; and he as-
sures those who may see fit to appoint him as their Agent
in this city, that their business shall be attended to with
punctuality and despatch.

His references are Francis Hall & Co. Commercial Ad-
vertiser; Lang, Turner & Co. New York Gazette; Mr.
James Lawson, Courier & Enquirer office.
Dec. 11

NEW YORK

RIDING SCHOOL,

CROSBY STREET.

MR. ROULSTONE has the pleasure to inform
those gentlemen who may wish to be in-
structed by him, as well as those he has instructed,
that his morning school has commenced, and will
be continued every morning from 6 to 8 o'clock.
Likewise for ladies from 9 till 2 o'clock. Lesson on
the road in the afternoon: he has horses for every
degree of instruction.
April 10 1831

PREMIUM TEACHING.

I. GOWARD, to whom has been awarded the
First Premium for the shortest, easiest, and
most thorough System of Teaching Drawing and
Music in their various branches, has the pleasure of
stating that he is in the habit of making rapid im-
provements somewhat greater than those can ac-
count for, who do not understand the secret! There's
no deception—there can be none—for 22
give References.

N. B. Mr. G. pretends to no Magic, but merely
to his happy method, and natural facility for
TEACHING.

HEALTH IN EXERCISE. RIDING ACADEMY AT TATTER-

MR. BLY has the pleasure to inform his friends and pa-
trons, that at present there are few vacancies
in his Riding Academy.
Ladies or Gentlemen, who may wish to avail them-
selves of this opportunity of acquiring the art of
fearlessly holding, at perfect command, that noble
animal, the horse, and of being perfected in that
graceful accomplishment of Riding, which tends
to moderate exercise, to promote general health,
will make direct application at the Academy at
Tattersall's 446 Broadway.
July 3.

DR. H. C. THORP'S celebrated Circumcisor or
Panacea, for the cure of almost every disease
arising from the impurity of the blood, as may be
seen by a large number of certificates that have
been and have not been published, but are in the
possession of the proprietor, to exhibit to all those
interested; among which are certificates where have
been cured king's evil, scald head, dyspepsia, dis-
ease of the liver and lungs, rheumatism of long
standing, sore throat, ague and fever, diarrhoea, and
many others.

The proprietor would inform his agents and con-
sumers, that they may have a constant supply of the
above article, on application at No. 131 Walker-st.
The price of the above article is \$1.50 cents per
bottle, and a liberal discount to those who buy to sell
again.

CERTIFICATE.

This certifies that I have for several years past, labored
under a severe dyspepsia, during which time I have had
an attack of the ague, and after trying a number of
Purges and other remedies to no effect, I was informed
of Dr. Thorp's Circumcisor, when I procured a bottle of it
and found immediate relief; and after taking the second
bottle I feel myself in perfect health, and recommend the
medicine to all those afflicted.
JAMES PARKER,
No. 20 1-2 Bowers, N. Y.

ANDREW WINDUST, returns his sincere thanks
to his friends and the public for their former
patronage and support, he likewise begs to inform
them that he has engaged his old establishment
Shakespeare House, No. 11 Park Row, near the
Theatre; he has for the last three months been mak-
ing alterations in the most superior German order,
he has employed the first artists in the city to com-
plete the house, and does not hesitate to say, that
it is the most splendid place of the kind in the Union.
He has also spared no expense in enlarging the
Rooms for the convenience of those Gentlemen
who may favor him with a call; his Bar will be
furnished with every delicacy of the season, his Bar
with Wines and Liquors of the choicest brands, and
he trusts by his own attention with civil and atten-
tive waiters, again to merit the patronage of a dis-
cerning public.

N. B. Dinner and Supper Parties accommodated
in the best manner. A Grand entrance from Ann
street, opposite the egress door in the Museum.
3 mo. Dec. 1

LOGICIAN ALFRED ACAPULCO.

(At Broadway, opposite Liebig's street.)
M. UPONN, lecturer to Mr. Logier, the
founder of the new system of Moral Edu-
cation, has been appointed by Mr. Logier as the
appointed professor for introducing his system into
University of New York. Mr. Brown introduced the
Logierian system of Music into the city of Boston,
and continued to instruct more than two hundred
ladies of the first circles in society, for nearly three
years with decided and successful results; Mr. Logier's
system in Europe in 1816; and from a long expe-
rience in delivering his Lectures on Theoretical and
Practical Harmony, Composition and Analysis, is
enabled to lead his pupils from the first rudiments
of the laws of harmony, to its most sublime com-
binations. This system combines every branch of
the most perfect system for acquiring the true no-
tions of executing on the "Piano Forte," &c. &c.
This system is peculiarly adapted for colleges and
Ladies' boarding schools—and is established by law
in the German provinces, by the express com-
mand of the king of Prussia. The accredited pro-
fessor • which have received diplomas. Dec. 7

The Patent Medicinal Vapour Bath Es-

tablishment.

THESE Baths are under the sole controul and
management of J. P. Carroll, No. 25 John-
street, two doors east of Nassau-street, New-York.
The Baths are now in full operation, and are re-
commended by the first members of the faculty; and
also, that since they have been in operation, the
subscriber has administered them to between twenty
and thirty thousand patients. Of the most invete-
rate and extraordinary cases that have come within
his knowledge, he has kept a particular and accurate
list; from which it will be found, on inspection, by
those interested, that the complaints which most
certainly and speedily give way to the use of these
baths, (with the aid of other proper treatment,) are
the following—

Sudden Cold; Fever & Ague; Rheumatism;
Repelled or Receded Small-Pox; Sore Throat;
Dives or Croup; assist Digestion; increase Ap-
petite, &c.

The Baths sent out to any part of the city, at five
minutes notice, with proper persons to administer
them, when required. Private rooms with Baths
by the day, week, or month. Portable Baths for
sale.

Concentrated Scurp of Liverwort, a most safe,
and valuable medicine for coughs, spitting of blood,
and Consumption, to be had as above, and herbs of
all kinds fresh from the Shakers, for sale.

J. P. CARROLL.

The Baths administered gratis to those who cannot
afford to pay when recommended by the faculty.

DEPOT OF FINE ARTS AND NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

No. 331 1-2 Broadway.

THE proprietor of this establishment takes the
liberty of informing the collectors of Shells,
&c. that he has purchased of Michael Paul, Esq., of
this city his entire collection of Shells, Minerals, &c.
(as justly celebrated all over the United States for
their beauty and perfection,) adding to it two other
valuable collections, making together, 6,000 speci-
mens of the finest and most superb shells in the Uni-
verse, which he will dispose of at reasonable prices.
Also a superb lot of rare and common Engravings,
Old Paintings, and Curiosities of all descriptions.
June 13 J. DORVILLE.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.

FRANCIS ARMSTRONG No. 53 Maiden-Lane,
Importer and Dealer in Hosiery, Gloves, &c.
has on hand and offers for sale at reasonable prices
gentlemen's, ladies and misses white, black and col-
ored silk, cotton, worsted, virginia and perine Hosi-
ery and half Hosiery; gentlemen's, ladies and misses kid-
der skin, woodstock and buckskin Gloves; cotton,
worsted and hands wool Drawers and Waistcoats;
silk, cotton and worsted Caps, and Suspenders; em-
brodering Worsted of every shade; embroidery
Cottons; Cambrics, &c. &c. June 25

PREMIUM NOTICE.

FOR two years in succession, the Premium has
been awarded by the American Institute to the
proprietor of Stationers' Hall, 215 Pearl-street,
for the best Specimen of BLANK BOOKS. When
Books, Public Offices, and others, who are in want
of sets or single Books, ruled to any pattern, bound
in a superior manner in Vellum, Russia, Calfskin, or
Shagreen; those who are in want are requested to call
and examine for themselves. The prices are war-
ranted as low as can be purchased in any regular
store in the United States. 6w Nov. 13

DETAILES AND MINIATURES. Ladies
and Gentlemen desiring faithful representations
in Portrait or Miniature, may obtain them on moderate
terms at No. 30 Arcade, (up stairs,) between Maiden
Lane and John-street. In the event of the Likeness
not proving satisfactory, no remuneration required.
A whole length portrait of General Washington
for sale as above, suitable for a public room or hall,
size of painting 8 feet 6 inches, by 6 feet 4 inches.
Sept. 18 11 Arcade No. 30

To Young Gentlemen who have been so un-
fortunate as to lose their Hair, or losing it
every day.

J. GAUDRI, No. 221 1-2 Broadway, respectfully
informs the public that he makes Wigs and
Saddles of a superior quality, and to imitate nature
so perfectly as to deceive the most discerning eye.
As he never fails to give general satisfaction to
those who have honored him with their patronage, he
hopes to receive the patronage of the public.

N. B. Constantly for sale, Ladies' Curly and
Pearly Hair, of the latest fashion. Nov. 6

BEHREMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair
Cutters, Dressers, Perfumers, and Ornament
al Hair Manufacturers, from Paris and London;
Paris leave to inform his friends and the public, that
he has commenced business at 411 Broadway, one
door from the east-end, and hopes, from his ex-
perience, combined with a thorough knowledge of
his business to merit a share of public patronage
which shall ever be his study to deserve.

Ladies' Ornamental Hair of every description and
of the newest Parisian and London fashions;
Gentlemen's Wigs, Toupees, &c., made on the most im-
proved principles warranted not to shrink in the
wearing of them.

An elegant assortment of Perfumery, Brushes,
Cutlery, &c. &c. which he can warrant genuine.
Nov. 20 11

POCKET-BOOK
MANUFACTORY.
B. TANNER, 18 Nassau-street, New York.
Pocket Book, Writing and Dressing Case Maker.
Aug. 20 3m

AMERICAN ANNUALS.

THE TOKEN, ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, AND
THYST, YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE, AND PEARL, for
sale wholesale and retail, at Stationers' Hall, 215
Pearl-street, by
Nov. 13 6w

DAVID FELT.

TO GROCERS AND DEALERS.

A new and improved assortment of fine CORNED MEATS on draught,
particularly Raspberry and Cherry.

ALSO,
50 Cases ass. Mart. Cordials;
20 do do Noyau;
10 do do Punch Syrup;
5 do do Peruvian Bitters;
Quality, quantity and terms to suit purchasers.
For sale at L. GORDON'S,
Dec. 11. 308 Greenwich, corner Dimes-street.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to in-
vite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who
are wishing to supply, in the BEST POSSIBLE
MANNER, the loss of their teeth, to his admir-
able IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent
superiority over every other kind of artificially in-
serted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar pur-
poses. They possess highly polished and verified surface
most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar animated ap-
pearance which exactly corresponds with the living natu-
ral teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may
be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be
remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny
in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE, and with their
color, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish,
strength and beauty, to the last period of human existence.
In point of economy they will be found highly advantage-
ous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive
sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeal
of fire and acid, they do not, like teeth framed of animal
substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the
juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles
of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore
neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unparelled patronage which a liberal and
discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Im-
itation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have
deemed it not unduly to appropriate the name to teeth of
their procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt
gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as-
well as laudable manner in which his professional ser-
vices have been received by the enlightened citizens of this
great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to caution
his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human In-
corruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by himself
only.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gen-
tlemen with single teeth to either sets in a style not surpas-
sed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most
modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least
possible pain, and perfect professional skill.

Gravure of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth
restored artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metallic
paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary cal-
culus matter, hence removing that peculiar disgusting
fear of bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth pre-
vented, in adults removed. Teeth extracted with the most
care and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots re-
maining in the sockets, causing electric humbles, alveolar
abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed
with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary
to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first
respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and dis-
tinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DEN-
TAL SURGEON.

Manufacturer and Inventor of "Incorruptible
Imitation Human Teeth."
No. 5 Chambers street.

NEW YORK, October, 1830

RELIEF FOR HERNIA.

THE American Graduate and Permanent
TRUSS has obtained such celebrity for the
short time it has been before the public, that the pro-
prietary is induced to call the attention of those af-
flicted with that distressing complaint called Hernia,
to the manifold decided advantages embraced by
this newly improved instrument over all others in
use, it is adapted to every variety of reducible Hernia,
in persons of all ages and sizes; the most copu-
lant as well as lean being secured by it. Its pecu-
liarities will be found applicable to all cases, and par-
ticularly to such as reside in warm climates. The
variety of casts of its pads, the Graduating princi-
ple by which greater or less pressure is given at
the wearer's pleasure, its side elastic, with its nu-
merous other advantages, render it a very desirable
desideratum to the afflicted, and as a full descrip-
tion cannot be given in an advertisement it is pre-
sented to be a sufficient inducement to state that
this Truss is warranted to give the promised and
desired relief in all cases. The American Gradu-
ate and Permanent Trusses may be had in any
quantity at the Office, No. 6 Attorneys' Hall, oppo-
site Clinton Hall, 126 Nassau-street.

All Orders punctually attended to, and a liberal
discount made to vendors. Sept. 25

JAMES CONNELL offers for sale, at his Type
and Stereotype Foundry, 107 Nassau-street,
Printing Types, of six emerald quality, or 7 1-2 per
cent. deduction for cash, at the prices affixed.

His type will be found correct, and made of as
good materials, at least, as that manufactured at any
other establishment. It is nearly all of an entire
NEW CUT; is better fitted than any other now
exhibited, and will consequently wear longer, look
better, take less ink, and less labor in working, than
most other type.

Diamond, per lb. 22 00 Small Size, per lb. 11 38
Point, 11 38 1/2 Size, per lb. 11 38
Nonpareil, 11 38 1/2 Size, per lb. 11 38
Minion, 11 38 1/2 Size, per lb. 11 38
Brevier, 11 38 1/2 Size, per lb. 11 38
Body Copy, 11 38 1/2 Size, per lb. 11 38
Long Primer, 11 38 1/2 Size, per lb. 11 38

Landed every day and size constantly kept
on hand; all of every description in metal bodies;
Presses, and all other articles necessary for a print-
ing office, furnished to order.

Printers can be supplied with second-hand type,
which has only been used for stereotyping, on very
favorable terms.

Old type received in exchange at \$2 per 100 lbs.
N. B. Stereotyping of every description will be
thankfully received, and attended to with correct-
ness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

Publishers of papers that will insert the above
three lines will be entitled to receive \$2, on set-
tlement of their accounts, or in any type cast at his
foundry, provided four times the amount is purchas-
ed. 11 Dec. 5

